



THE
REVELATION
IN THE
MOUNTAIN

GERTRUDE
MAJOR



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GERTRUDE MAJOR.

The Revelation in the Mountain



BY
GERTRUDE KEENE MAJOR

With an introduction by
JUDGE C. C. GOODWIN



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TO THE AMERICAN PARTY,

which is striving to bring the majesty of the Country's law to
despotic Utah, this volume is respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

FOREWORD BY JUDGE GOODWIN.

When the Mormons first came to Utah they were embittered against the government of the United States, and it seemed to be the purpose of the few men who controlled the organization to keep alive and intensify that bitterness. Then polygamy, which had been long practised in Nauvoo, was openly promulgated by Brigham Young as a divine ordinance—the only rite which secured perfect exaltation to the spirits of mortals, after the death of the body here. To carry this out cruelties unspeakable were perpetrated. Then, too, all who did not indorse the system were held as enemies, and the rank and file were taught that such people were enemies of their church and were seeking to oppress the elect because of their religious beliefs. Under such a leader as Brigham Young, in the desolation of this then wilderness, atrocities unspeakable were committed. Moreover, Brigham Young kept a band of blood-atoners always in call and enemies were put out of the way. There is enough in the sermons preached in those days, in the acts performed, which are still in the memories of old residents, and in the skeletons found in excavating cellars in Salt Lake City to corroborate all that is said here and to show that the contents of this book make clear the spirit which ruled Utah for thirty years after 1847.

The justification for publishing it now is that when the barbarism which ruled here was sufficiently beaten back to make it clear that the chiefs of this people saw disfranchisement immediately before them, they pledged the government and the Gentiles of Utah that

henceforth the political rule which they had always held over their people should cease, and that polygamy should be abolished. Upon that they obtained statehood.

That brought peace and such contentment and happiness as had never been known here before. But it lasted only for a brief season. All the old wrongs were resumed within two years. Many of the highest officers of the church took new polygamous wives and the rule over the political beliefs of the Mormon people was reestablished in all its old tyranny. Never was this more fully exemplified than in the election here in the present month. Through that rule the senators who represent Utah in Washington were elected, through that rule the senior senator, an apostle in the dominant church, names every state officer in Utah.

That the President of the United States looks on this with approval and uses the influence of his great office to continue the tyranny and the shame, does not matter. He cannot create a code which will justify turning back civilization for a thousand years, and establishing in this land a despotism Asiatic in all its attributes. An apostle of the church stated in a recent conference, where were gathered thousands of trusting Mormons, that not one principle, not one tenet of the original faith had ever been relinquished. That the men and women of the United States may realize what the system naturally leads to when unrestrained, the publication of this book is justified.

C. C. GOODWIN.

November 17, 1908.

THE REVELATION IN THE MOUNTAIN.

I.

THE REVELATION IN THE MOUNTAIN.

The Gentile lady sat on the Mormon lady's cool, vine-screened porch, and rocked gently back and forth over the creaking, warped old floor. She was embroidering a centerpiece in a lily-of-the-valley design, and listening, interestedly, to the gentle talk of her hostess.

Their friendship had been formed shortly after the Gentile had moved to Salt Lake City, in the "breaking up" of the spring. She had been taken very ill, and her doctor had recommended Anne Smedgely as a master hand at nursing.

A master hand she had proved to be, who devoted all her time and energies to her patient as long as she had need of her services, and had then gone quietly back to her little adobe house, with its three drab-colored front doors opening from its three drab-colored front rooms on to the long, sagging front porch, with its redeeming drapery of green vines.

The Gentiles had been very grateful to their neighbors. To Elder Reber, who, when he had heard of her illness, had sent his entire assortment of wives to her assistance, and to Bishop Horner, who had called to leave a book on the Faith and a basket of fruit, and most of all to gentle old Anne.

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The neighborhood into which the Gentiles had moved was in the older portion of the city, and their neighbors were all devotees of the Temple. They had learned later that the Gentiles, who of recent years had flocked in such numbers to the "garden," had built their homes to the north and east of the city.

"But," the Gentile lady had said to her husband, in discussing their location, "no people could have been more kind, and just as soon as I am well enough I shall go to see them, just as I should if they were Methodists."

Her husband's eyes twinkled. "Will you call on them separately or ensemble?" he asked.

"I don't know just how I shall manage the Rebers," his wife said, laughing; "but there is only one of Mrs. Smedgely, you know."

"I wonder why? Her husband is one of the old school of saints; an elder, or something," her husband said, adding: "Why don't you ask her?"

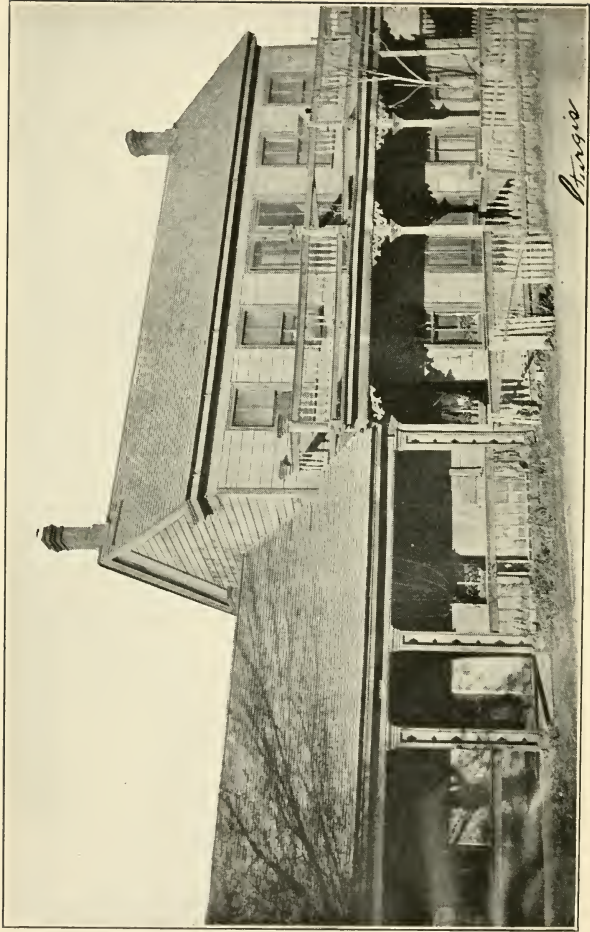
"Some day I may," the Gentile lady answered seriously. "I love to hear her talk. When I was suffering her talk soothed me like an opiate."

To-day, when she sat and embroidered, and old Anne rocked and knit, she ventured the question tactfully: "Does a woman feel right—er—happy after—if her husband marries another wife?"

Anne laughed; her laugh, like her talking-voice, had a peculiarly pleasant sound.

"Polygamy was one of the most sacred teachings of our faith," she said. "But the way women feel about it, that depends on the individual."

"But," and the gentle Gentile blushed a deep, shamed red, "is it, can it be true that—that—it was the custom



"THE DOOR THIS WAY IS TO SISTER SLOMY'S APARTMENT."—Page 9.

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for—for the last wife to bathe the next wife's feet, as a sign of submission to the law of the church?"

"True enough," assented Anne cheerfully.

"But can any woman, no matter what her faith, do such an unnatural thing willingly?"

Anne laughed at her earnestness. "That depends on the individual, too," she said. "I mind when Sister S'lomy's husband brought his second wife home. They live over there 'cross the street; no, not in that house, that's Pages; in the one next, that old one, the one with the three doors (the door this way is S'lomy's apartment). Well, as I said, S'lomy an' him had lived so long alone together, that S'lomy had got sorter uppity, and made some brags; so, when Brother Sam came back from Moab, fetchin' a new wife, we wondered how Sister S'lomy'd take it. She came over for a wettin' of tea the very next mornin', an' I couldn't forbear askin' her teasin' like, 'Well, Sister S'lomy, have you washed the new sister's feet?'"

"S'lomy always bites off her words short when she is riled. 'Yes,' she snaps, 'I washed her feet, but I slapped her face, too.'"

The Gentile looked up from her embroidery with uncertain questioning into Anne's humorous old face, then she threw back her head and laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks. Anne joined somewhat hesitatingly in her mirth.

"Some don't feel so," she said deprecatingly. "S'lomy is dreadful spirited."

"She must be," agreed the lady. She hesitated, and blushed again. "But you——"

"Oh, me," Anne said; then was silent. Dropping her knitting in her lap, she folded her hard, work-cal-

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loused hands one over the other in her lap, and sat looking with dreamy intentness at the mountains, which rose above them like a serried, broken wall around the city. The Gentile's eyes followed hers up the rugged sides, and rested on a deep, shadowy cañon, running like a scar down the side of the mountain.

"There, up that hollow—clear on—farther yet than that big boulder, clear past that point where you see them red shadows—there is where I had my revelation," said old Anne, "an' it's because of that," with a look at once sad and triumphant, "that I have been Jonas' only wife." She picked up her knitting and knit off two or three needles before she spoke again. "I was born here in Salt Lake. My mother pushed a hand-cart across the plains in '56 to get here. It is the same garden that Adam and Eve was put out of, you know." Her visitor nodded, and Anne went on: "My father was a bishop in the church; he had seven wives and forty children. We were very poor; it looked some in the early years that we was all to starve. We children all started to work, almost as soon as we could walk, for our keep. One of my brothers went with a man to Pueblo. He came back when I was about fourteen, and came to see me at the place I was workin' at. He was the first to tell me about other people and ways than our own. I went to walk with him down by the Jordan River, and when we was standin' on the bridge, lookin' up toward the mountains, he told me about Pueblo, how it was there. There was only one woman for every man, he said (here in Salt Lake there were seven), and not many children, and, he said, lookin' down at my chapped, bare feet (I hadn't no shoes—yes, though it was late fall and there was black fröst on

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the bridge), not any of them went barefoot, but all had shoes, an' scarce any of them went workin', even them that was bigger than him an' me. I felt a kind of choking feelin', kind of like my heart was swelling up, or something. I was still looking at the mountain, because all the time Artie was talkin' I kept seein' the strangest thing.

"Seemed as if there was a procession of people walkin' on an' on up the cañon; a man an' a woman, a man an' a woman. There didn't seem to be no beginning, or no end, but always those two, side by side, a man an' a woman.

"When I spoke my voice sounded queer, for it felt like my heart was moving up, almost in my throat, choking me.

" 'Artie,' I says, 'that is the way I am goin' to do, when I get married; I'm goin' to be the only one; I won't have no sisters, an' all my children are goin' to have shoes.'

" 'Some folks do,' Artie said.

"I had to haste back to work, but as I was goin' I looked back to the hills once, an' I could still see them, them men an' women. 'I'll be like that,' I says aloud; it was a sort of prayer an' a promise.

"The next year I married Jonas, and the next (when I was sixteen) I had twin babies. I thanked God for two things; that they was boys, an' that there was two of them. I don't want to say anything against God (He has interceded for me, weak, sinful woman that I am), but when I was sufferin' my first agony, I says to Jonas, says I, 'Any one would know God was a man, or He wouldn't a made it so fearful hard on women.' Jonas is a terrible religious man, an' he

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turned white when I said that. 'Don't, Anne,' he fairly begged; 'don't talk so, an' I'll do anything in the world for you.'

"'Then,' says I, seeing my advantage, 'promise that you'll never take another wife, not while I live. The children I'm willin' to bear—for you an' the glory of Zion, but I'll let no other woman bear them for you.' I guess I was gettin' some fevered, for I see Sister Sary, who was waitin' on me, motion to him, an' he says, quick like, 'No, Anne, there never will.'

"I rested on his word, an' every time my children came I prayed there would be two of them, at once. When we had been married six years we had five children, two pair of twin boys an' my little Maidie. Maidie was about six months old when Sister Julia come over one mornin' an' says, seemed kind of spiteful like, 'Brother Jonas has a new wife; I seen them down street. You'll have to get at an' freshen up the east rooms for her. He'll fetch her home to-night.'

"I had my Maidie in my lap. I was knittin' a sock for Jonas, an' she kept grabbin' at the needles, an' cooin'. I could hear her coo right through Sister Julia's words. It seemed as though she had been talkin' an' lookin' at me hours, an' that she had said everything.

"I picked the baby up in my arms (she seemed like she was so heavy, all at once, that I could scarcely lift her) an' made my way to the door. I called to Sister S'lomy's Beda, who was standin' in their door; I had to call three or four times before she heard, my lips was so hard an' stiff.

"Sister Julia looked at me, an' says: 'You must have a sore throat, Anne.'

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“‘Why?’ I said.

“‘Because your voice sounds so queer,’ she made answer.

“I said no word to her, but spoke to little Beda, who had just come in. ‘Beda,’ says I, ‘I’ll give you two pieces of ginger cake if you stay an’ mind Maidie for me.’ Sister S’lomy’s was powerful poor them days, an’ the children wasn’t used to sweetened dough, so she promised joyful. I gave her Maidie, an’, not stoppin’ to say a single word to Sister Julia, or to put anything on my head, I ran out, an’ fast as I could run, I rushed on out to the river, on up the cañon where, when Artie an’ me had talked that day, I had sensed the vision of them men an’ women. I didn’t know why I went, but something made me. I ran, an’ cried out wild things as I went. The sharp rocks an’ briers caught at my hands an’ dress, but I felt no hurt. I was wild, but sure, sure that I would see something. I didn’t know what, but something that would take that awful feelin’ out of my heart.

“I went on, rushin’ up an’ up. It almost seemed as if I was gettin’ closer to God. When I got to the top, clear up where the snow never melts, where I could make Him hear, I would ask Him what He meant. I wouldn’t have felt no fear—not of the whole host of heaven—not then.

“I never got to the top, though; I fell down just when I got to the snow-line. I tried to get up, but I couldn’t. My heart seemed, all at once, to just close up my breath. I couldn’t so much as lift my hand.

“I looked up, into the sparklin’, dazzlin’ brightness of the mountain-top, an’ I saw them again! The same

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procession—a man an' a woman, a man an' a woman! They seemed, somehow, to be dressed in the light—I'd admire to make it clear to you if I could—I could see the sun, an' the blue shadows back of them, but I sensed them plain.

“An'—an' then I heard a voice, deep an' soothin'; it was sayin' part of the last Sunday's readin', 'Lo, I am with ye alway, even unto the end.' I began to breathe, soft an' easy, just as my Maidie did when she dropped, smilin', to sleep; an' it seemed that a wind, soft an' sweet as her breath, came gently down the cañon, an' that voice, sweet as the cooin' of doves, spoke in it, so low I could scarce hear it, but I knew who it was, an' got my comfort. I went to sleep.

“When I woke it was dark; no moon or stars, but pitchy black. I couldn't find my way, so bided 'til sunup. It wasn't long until I see her comin', like a lovely lady, I thought, throwin' off the night covers. I stayed to watch her dress (I was full of fancies, an' happy). First she put on soft, pinky petticoats, but they didn't suit her, so she threw them away—up in the sky—an' kept puttin' on others, brighter an' brighter, until she got a flamin' red, an' then she put on a dress of gold, that made me glad, some way, as if she had put it on for me.

“Then I went home.

“When I got back to my house I crept up soft an' looked in the east window. She was there. She was just a young thing, nothing but a child. She was asleep, but I could see that she had been crying; there was a pinched look about her mouth an' red spots, like fever marks, on her cheeks. I knew she didn't love Jonas, an' a feelin' almost tender come over me for her.

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I thought of my Maidie, an' I says, soft an' low, 'My poor girl!'

"Then I walked around an' opened the door.

"Jonas looked up, his face like snow. 'Anne,' says he, 'chokin', 'Anne?'

"'Yes, it's Anne,' I said, smilin'.

"'Where?' says he, 'where in God's name have you been?'

"'Up in the mountains, where all prophets go,' I says. 'I've had a revelation.'

"Jonas looked at me, his face whiter than ever. 'You look,' he said, 'as though you'd been to heaven.'

"'I ain't,' I says, 'but I think I have almost seen its door.'

"I sat down by him an' held his hand; it shook just like old Bishop Farnley's, who had palsy. I told him all I'd seen an' heard. 'For them that don't sense sin,' I said, 'maybe it ain't sin, but for us, I've sensed it, an' if we go higher, we must go just us alone. I've seen, an' the path is only wide enough for two.'"

The voice of old Anne trembled away into silence.

The Gentile lady looked at her forgotten embroidery with eyes that saw the familiar pattern as from a long distance. She tried to match the green of a leaf, which blurred and widened grotesquely in the mist through which she looked. She could not speak, and, for the moment, dared not look at old Anne, but she felt, from an inner sense, a reflection of the light on the old woman's face, with her remembering eyes turned to the silent majesty of the abiding hills.

The story needed but a sentence to complete it. It was added presently, after the knitting had been resumed, with a patient sigh, as from one who has seen

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the heights and descended again to the valley of life.

“I said to Jonas, ‘Jonas,’ said I, ‘that little girl in there will be our daughter. You mind?’ An’ Jonas said, speakin’ slow an’ solemn as if it was meetin’, ‘She won’t ever be anything else.’”

II.

THE DAY OF HIS JUDGMENT.

The way of peace they know not; and there is no judgment in their goings; they have made them crooked paths; whosoever goeth therein shall not know peace.—Isaiah LIX. 8.

In a tumble-down, decaying house, which looks down on the river Jordan, winding like a soiled gray ribbon at the bottom of the hills, and up to where their white-trimmed tops embroider the sky, lived Grandma West, and Sister Millie, and Auntie May, and, for the present (because she had nowhere else to go), Sylvia Smith.

Sylvia was a newcomer in Zion. She had come with a party from Australia, converted to the faith by the eloquence of a well-favored young missionary. She had been imbibing the teachings and enjoying the companionship of the chosen for less than a year, when on this day, as on many a weary one preceding, she tossed feverishly on grandma's best bed and prayed monotonously and hopelessly for death.

Somewhere, before the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants had become her entire literary diet, and she had learned how sufficient for all mental and spiritual needs were these inspired volumes, Sylvia had read that with honor all was lost, and odd as it seemed, her honor seemed to be regarded as lost, although she had only poured the red of the stain of shame over the white of her virgin soul in response to

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a revelation from God Himself to one of His favored followers, a man who had stood at the helm of the saintly craft of Mormonism for so long that his hair was snow-white in the service, at the time the Lord had given him the vision of Sylvia Smith. He had hastened to the factory where his influence had obtained for her a position at six dollars a week (less, of course, the tithing, which the faithful collected from her employers, to save her the trouble of counting it out). A great system, the tithing, and one which has ever the fascination of mystery as to what becomes of it.

* * * * *

Sylvia was excused from her work to speak to the bishop. She had listened with a fast beating heart to the fact that God had mirrored her face on the spiritual lens which He showed His servant, and that the revelation meant great glory for her in the day, now fast approaching, when the king was to appear to reward the righteous.

Now, sacrifice is a strange thing. As long as it is in the abstract, how we glory in it; but when it comes down to the concrete me, here, now, it is terrible; most of us all would relinquish the almost certain light of a hard won heaven for the dark of a lost earth when we hear the roar of the lions and the rending of sacrificial limbs.

Poor Sylvia clung desperately to earth, no vision of a near enthronement in heaven could soothe her shame and self-loathing. She wished wickedly that she had never seen the bishop, never left Australia, let the one means of salvation pass, and stayed far away from

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Zion. Especially and more ardently did she wish these wicked things after the bishop, being as it were a very tool under the thumb of the spirit, got a call which took him on some missionary work in England, and she was thrown out of her position.

This is a strange world, and Sylvia soon found that no one else seemed to know anything about the bishop's revelation, and although she had only followed the expressed desire of the Almighty, not one door was open to her. Even in Zion, which, you know, is the ante-chamber of heaven itself, this is an awful position to be in. Why, not one of the holiest men seemed able to help her, times were very close with them all, and it was not until she found refuge with Grandma, who, if you will believe, was one of the bishop's first wives, did the poor girl find so much as a place to lay her head.

* * * * *

The whole affair might so easily have been hushed up (so many are) had Sylvia had the common decency to accuse some already lost Gentile, instead of insisting that it was the good old bishop who was responsible for her prospective halo of motherhood.

After much discussing of the knotty problem, it was decided to send for the bishop, insisting on his immediate return to Zion.

The bishop returned from the green vineyard of England questioning and indignant.

The good book says that children are a heritage of the Lord, and that man is blessed who has a quiver full. Now, the bishop had so many in his quiver that he was—must be—many times blessed on this account alone.

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In fact, so ardently had he fulfilled this desire of his Master—as expressed to his seer and revelator, Joseph Smith—that he had long lost count of the number, knowing that they were counted to his credit on the great record. So, to be called back from his labors for so trivial a matter as the one in hand, showed him that things had come to a pretty pass in Zion.

Insomuch as the girl had found refuge with three of his former wives, and that to see her he might have to face them, especially Grandma, added insult to the bishop's injury.

He had not seen Grandma for a score of years, and between the two was a trifling matter, still unadjusted, that whenever he was forced to think of it, caused a warm feeling around his collar, most uncomfortable.

But Sylvia, with the lack of consideration for his feelings which she had showed from the very first, had given birth to a child a day before he reached Zion from abroad, and so taking advantage of the way her sex is favored, since the invasion of the godless Gentiles, insisted that she could not go to the bishop and that the bishop must come to her. And there was nothing else for him to do.

Sister Millie and Auntie May both worked in the factory, for a mean pittance of wage and the reward of virtue. Grandma knit countless socks and mittens, this being almost the only remunerative work her rheumatic old hands were capable of doing.

While Grandma knit she thought, and while she thought she often cried. She did to-day, as she sat where she could get the light from the window and rock the little baby in the cradle. The cradle, a clumsy, home-made affair of wood, was the same that had held

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Grandma's brood of children, and Sister Millie's, and Auntie May's, and now this strange, white-faced girl's. The children were all the bishop's, and Grandma had rocked them all, just as she was rocking this, knitting, and sometimes crying, sometimes for the babies and sometimes for the mothers. One can knit and cry so easily.

* * * * *

Sylvia watched the tears rolling down the old woman's wrinkled cheeks with a growing wonder; it seemed to her that she had all the trouble there was worth crying about, and she wondered that a woman as old as Grandma should care enough about anything to cry about it, that she continued to do so, patiently and helplessly, began to irritate the girl past endurance.

"You don't need to fret none about me," she said ungraciously. "I can stand what I have to without sympathy."

Grandma smiled, and wiped her cheek with the leg of the sock she was knitting. "We can all do that, honey," she said, stooping down and smoothing the covers over the sleeping baby, "we can all bear our own sorrow, but sometimes it seems we cain't another's."

"I hope you wasn't crying for me," a note of appeal thrilling through the bravado of her voice.

"No, not for you," Grandma said, "but for my husband."

The girl raised herself on one thin, sharp elbow. "For that lying old scoundrel?" she cried.

That is just what she called the bishop, and it cannot be pleaded in extenuation that she was delirious—she

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knew what she said, and Grandma knew what she meant, for she answered quietly: "No, not for the bishop, but for my own husband."

"Your what?" the girl asked, momentarily interested in other affairs than her own.

"My own husband," Grandma repeated musingly. "The man I loved and who loved me. We were married in Missouri, and came here to Salt Lake after we were converted to the faith."

"Did he die?" the girl asked, as Grandma paused and counted in a half-whisper as she "turned" the heel of the sock.

"I thought he did," she answered, "although they tried to make me think he had deserted me, as though I'd believe that! But he didn't come home one night to supper, and I could learn nothing for days. I was almost wild when bishop came to see me and said he had had a revelation from God that he was to take me to wife."

"Why, that's just what the old skunk told me," the girl cried excitedly.

Grandma laughed. Her laugh needed no comment.

"I was young, then, full young, and I thought if Ralph was gone I didn't care what became of me; so, well, he fetched me here to live, with Sister Susie, his first wife, who God, in His mercy, called soon after. One day Elder Rooker's wife came in and she said that Ralph was in town, rampagin' around, looking for me. I jumped up, wild as a deer, yelling at her to know where he was. My heart was almost breaking with love for him, but she and Susie held me down, and she said: 'Taint no use to struggle against the church, Lida. My man told me that they had kept him out of

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the way till bishop got you, and if you go to acting up, why they will put him out of the way to stay put. What bishop wants, he gets.' ”

The old lady's hands were trembling so that her knitting-needles kept up a little click as they hit against each other. The girl, forgetting her weakness, raised herself again on her elbow.

“The devils,” she screamed. “I'd—I'd——”

“No, you wouldn't,” Grandma interrupted her. The baby cried, and she put her knitting down on the window-sill, and, stooping over, picked it up in her mothering old arms, soothing it with little mouthing coos. “You couldn't 'a' done more than I could,” she went on. “I got down on my knees and begged the bishop, prayed him to let me go, but he said if I didn't submit to the will of God that they would take Ralph and—and cut off his ears, and—oh, pitying God! I can't tell the horrible threats that he made. until I—why, I had to submit. I couldn't do anything else. My only comfort was that I was saving Ralph suffering, and that some day, maybe near, maybe far, that God would bring the light. My mother used to say that ‘the Lord wouldn't let that goat's tail grow too long, or it would switch its own eyes out.’ But it has been long, very long.”

“What has?”

“The day of His judgment.” she answered softly.

“Sometimes I have thought that those awful monsters that are described in Revelations, in the Bible, describes some of the men who used to run things in our church.”

The baby began to cry again, and Grandma carried it out in the “lean-to,” where a concoction, intended

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for its delectation, was brewing on the back of the stove. As she moved about the girl heard her singing in a sweet old quaver :

“Oh, that we in the day of His coming may say,
I have fought my way through, I have finished
The work Thou didst set me to do.”

“Grandma, Grandma, come quick,” called the girl excitedly. “The bishop is just turning in at the door.”

The bishop carried his three-score years almost jauntily. He was upright, vigorous, and well dressed. His aura exuded a state of comfortable well being, despite the fact that, for the moment, he looked somewhat flustered. He was flanked on one side by a tall, spare man, who wore a gray beard for a shirt-front and used it for a cuspidor, and on the other by a nervous little man with a red mustache.

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Grandma opened the door. The bishop hardly knew her, such a change had the last few years made in her. She looked a woman old in body and broken in spirit. The bishop's momentary scrutiny of her sad old face reassured him; he felt that, after all, he had little to fear from her. As for the girl on the bed—that might take a few greenbacks, but here experience gave him confidence. Of course, he owed it to the fair name of the church to induce her to shift the responsibility of paternity to some Gentile—that was always a success—and, as for squaring himself with the church, well, the bishop knew what he knew.

He found the girl stubborn past all belief. Each generation of women grew worse and harder to control.

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The bishop had really a bad half-hour. The presence of Grandma irritated him dreadfully, too, not that she said anything, but she was there, and, as he knew, it is much harder to control a woman if one of her own sex is present, and Grandma's presence was menacing. He actually sweated before she said a word, and after, well, he got so hot he almost suffocated; but he had to listen.

The old lady spoke so quietly that any one in the next room would have thought that she was discussing the weather, but she wasn't; she had gone back a quarter of a century, and was reminding the bishop of certain matters that he had quite concluded to forget. It was bad enough to listen himself, but to see the expressions on the faces of the other listeners was maddening. He felt forced to interpose. "Come, come, Lida," he said, "a jealous woman's tongue is best silent. Supposing you do know some—er—mistakes I have made long ago, what are you to pass judgment? A body would think you was Christ Himself."

"Christ's mother was a woman," Grandma answered quietly, "and I ain't figured out yet how God would 'a' sent a Savior to the world if there hadn't been a woman to bear Him. Women has rights, if your church did try to take them away. The reason I have for telling these things before Brother Smith and Brother Baldwin and this last victim of your low lies, is that I want witnesses on both sides: your side and mine."

The bishop's lips were white. "Witnesses?" he whispered.

"Witnesses," Grandma repeated. "I been gathering

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evidence against you for a long time, and this last," she motioned toward the bed, "was all I needed. The prosecuting attorney has evidence enough against you to hang you or send you up for State's keep for the rest of your wicked life."

* * * * *

The bishop was plainly terrified. He looked around as if for a means of escape, and, seeing none, dropped on his shaking knees before the old woman and begged, with tears, for mercy. She shifted the baby from one shoulder to the other, and looked down on him calmly. "Do you mind the time I was on my knees to you?" she asked. He nodded miserably.

"Give me back my young husband, and my own life, and I'll let you go free."

He mumbled despairingly, again his shifting eye sought the doorway.

"You can't get out that way," the old lady said. "There are detectives watching every move you make. Get up off of your knees, you old coward." A sudden sharp change in her voice. "I ain't going to have you hung or your ears cut off or your eyes poked out—as you deserve! I'll leave your eternal judgment to the Master. But you are never going to set foot in the meeting-house again; you are going to resign from all your business, and I am going to pay men with your money, to watch every move you make.

"You are going to provide for Millie, and May, and their children, and for this girl here, and you are going to acknowledge that you are the father of this child."

The bishop wrung his hands. "It will ruin me," he whined.

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"The church will excommunicate you—I'll see to that," went on the stern old voice. "'Tain't that you mustn't commit adultery, but that you mustn't be found out at it. You've been found out."

The bishop sat down weakly and wiped his eyes. He looked piteously from one to the other. "Ain't you got any mercy?" he begged. "I'll make amends. I'll give half my money, only don't, for God's sake, disgrace me publicly."

"I'm doing what I be for God's sake," Grandma said inexorably, with a tightening of her shrunken lips. "The general public won't know much of this. I ain't no publicity expert, and as long as you walk the road I've set out for you, not so many outside of the church will know that you have got your come-up-ence at last. But don't forget for a minute that the law men are watching you. You can go now; a man will call at your office for the money we want to start on."

The bishop leaned heavily on the arms of his counselors as he walked out of the rickety old gate. He knew he must do just as the old woman said; he dare not do otherwise. He felt old, and broken, and friendless. The day of his judgment had come.

III.

THE THREAD OF SCARLET.

Religion had been Jane's watchword. One of her earliest recollections was a shuddering watchfulness of the sky, which, the elder said, was one day to "roll up like a scroll," disclosing—Jane would close her light-fringed lids over her big eyes, in sudden terror of what it might disclose, of mystery, and awfulness, and dread.

The wicked were to be burned as chaff; and the wicked were those who gave heed to other than spiritual matters. Wicked, indeed, was the child who looked covetously at the jar of striped peppermints on the shelf at the corner store, or who dreamed of a bow of blue ribbons tied to her scanty braid. A lack of spirituality alone could account for such licentiousness, and the only hope lay in added prayer and seeking after righteousness.

Jane never knew which she would rather believe, like her mother, that the wicked were to be burned as chaff; or, like her father, that they were to stay forever and ever in a lake of fire. There were disadvantages in either. Then, too, she never knew which day was more to be dreaded, the day when she went to meeting with her mother and looked at all of the other mothers and daughters clad in soberest drab, with never a bow or a gleaming brooch; or the day she went to town with her father, where she was sure to see, and be sorely

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tempted by, a fluttering streamer on some hat, a colored bow of ribbon on some braid, or distractingly pretty "edging" on some small petticoat or "panties," at which Jane would gaze with fascinated eye and almost decide on the lake of fire.

Her mother got weary of "watching," and it was not long after they had lain her down to wait, near the sacred Mount Olivet, that her father, too, went seeking light in the outer darkness, leaving Jane alone, with the Rocky Mountain farm and a little hoard of money; also with portions of the Bible memorized so that she could say them backward.

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Jane was twenty-five, and had been an old maid fifteen years, when she got a letter from her cousin, Sarah Bartlett, in New Orleans. This, in itself, was an event, but its contents were a dispensation. Sarah belonged to that portion of her father's family, who, according to her mother, had little wheat among them all, that in the last appraisement they would all go as chaff, pure and simple. Pushing a hand-cart across the desert, in search of the long-lost garden, had not made Jane's mother broad in her views; but after her death, Jane's father had spoken of them with a yearning affection; so, although Jane knew they were chaff, still, the kindly tone in the letter appealed to her, and brought a warm little glow to her heart that grew warmer each time she read it over. This was so often that she was ready for bed that night before she remembered that she had not even opened the *Deseret News* or read a word in the Book of Mormon. Thus had Sarah's influence begun.

Sarah had written inviting, almost insisting, on

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Jane paying her a visit. She could not leave, as she would like to do, to visit her cousin, Jane, on account of being tied down by her business. She kept a millinery and ladies' furnishing shop, she explained, and did a very comfortable business. Her parents had died and her brothers and sisters had moved away, and she was lonely for some of her own kin. A letter from their cousin, Melissy Fairview, had told her that Jane was unmarried and alone, so she wrote at once to ask her to come to New Orleans and stay as long as she could with her affectionate cousin, Sarah Bartlett. Jane went. Sarah was not better prepared for Jane than was Jane for Sarah. But Sarah had hopes and Jane fears, in the first hour of their meeting. Sarah had not been a woman's furnisher for upward of twenty years without having gained an optimistic knowledge of aids to nature, and her mind immediately leaped to certain shelves and boxes in her shop with reference to Jane. Jane had not had the sin of worldliness poured over and jammed down and heaped up in her consciousness for a quarter of a century, not to recognize in Sarah the very personification of sin; in her voluminous draperies, her velvet hat, with its long plume, well-gloved hands, her lace-trimmed handkerchief, which, as she held it daintily to her carefully powdered nose, smelled plainly of "scent." Jane felt the same fascination for Sarah's fineness that she had years ago when she had looked with lustful eyes at the bows of pink ribbon on the braids of the worldly—felt and knew she must watch and pray, lest a love of carnal things grow up in her heart.

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She was sadly bewildered by the din of the city. But Sarah, although fairly flaunting the lusts of the flesh before her eyes, looked kind, and amid all this strangeness, familiar, from some subtle resemblance to her father; so she followed her meekly.

Sarah was tactful, having catered to feminine whims for years, and she guessed much of Jane's inner attitude by her outer humility of attire; so in her easy, big-hearted way she dispelled some of her visitor's nervousness and had her quite at her ease by the time they had rested in her tiny flat above the shop, and chatted over their tea.

Had Jane died and wakened with either the sound of harps in her ears or the smell of brimstone in her nostrils, she would have felt a certain sense of familiarity, having heard both states of being so often described; but this world, which her visit to her cousin Sarah opened up, even her wildest imagination had never pictured.

Sarah was a very busy woman, overseeing every bit of her considerable business, waiting on the trade in a rustling silk gown in the afternoons, and directing the work in the trimming-room mornings; keeping her flat in spotless order, and preparing her simple meals, gave her just leisure enough to enjoy to the full the society of a few friends, an occasional trip to the theater, a trolley ride, or a cozy evening alone, over a gas-log in her bit of a parlor, with a pile of fashion books for company and ideas.

Jane at once relieved her cousin of the housekeeping cares, but they took so little of her time that she spent hours together gazing out of the windows at the motley procession of strange people, and in looking over

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Sarah's few books. These were as far removed from the accustomed grooves of her literary experience as were the gaudily dressed Creoles from the somberly clad devotees of her memory. One book in particular held her enthralled, although she understood the meaning of its words but slightly. The very name, "The Rubaiyat," sounded like the "black hand society," but oh, the charm of it!

Sometimes on dull mornings she would go down to the shop with Sarah and look at the wonderful things displayed in the cases. Sometimes she would touch lingeringly a bit of bright ribbon or soft velvet with her little, work-hardened fingers.

"Do you ever think," she asked her cousin one day, going into the latter's dressing-room when she was preparing to go out with some friend, "that it is wicked to wear colors and jewelry—and—try to look nice?"

Sarah turned from the contemplation of her plump, comely face in the mirror and looked at Jane, first with amusement in her eyes and then with a tightening of her lips, for Jane's prudery was beginning to get on her nerves.

"No," she said firmly. "I don't; didn't God paint the lily? Didn't He make the grass green and the sky blue, and put the red on the robin's breast? Why," she added, as she adjusted a quivering wire rat in her round "roughed" pompadour, "I sold a false front to the bishop's wife yesterday."

Jane sat down weakly. At last the foundations of her world trembled and her "sky rolled up like a scroll." Her ego quivered with the shock.

A bishop's wife and a false front!

"You should wear one yourself," Sarah continued,

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calmly dipping her chamois first in flesh color and then in red, and flashing a magically improved complexion upon poor Jane, whose cheeks were as innocent of tint as her virgin bosom was of contour and her soul of sin.

“Soon as the Mardi Gras is over, and we get settled down, I’m going to fix you up,” Sarah went on, turning her eyes considerably away from Jane’s burning face. “I am sorry I have to be gone to-night. I wanted to take you out to see the fun. Every one wears a mask to-night, you know, and cuts up any dido they feel like.

“Come on down, and I’ll show you some costumes that the girls unpacked this morning. They are the cutest ever.”

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Jane looked and marveled at the wonderful things Sarah put in her lap—beautiful garments, gaudy as a butterfly’s wings with tinsel and color. She touched them almost fearfully. But “the vine had struck a fiber.” New thoughts and sensations ran like quicksilver through her veins. Her un-lived youth seemed to arise through the mists of years and to look at her with piteous, pleading eyes from the little heap of gay garments in her lap.

New Orleans, at Mardi Gras, is shaken from its usual languor and metamorphosed into a scene of gayety. The wine of life is poured in rich libations to the jocund gods. The body is laid aside, and the spirit—the spirit of youth, and frolic, and carnival—reigns. The bright pageantry, the gay music, the fantastically clad street dancers—everywhere is color and movement and boisterous joy of living.

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Jane spent the day at the window, looking out. Her soul, newly awakened, seemed to move and fret in her body. She was afraid for life.

When the last of the girls had left the shop for the day, she went down guardedly to brood over the mysteries in box and case. She hoped all the beautiful things had not been sold. With a thrill of delight she saw, as she lit the gas, that one quaint red gown yet remained. Her hands touched the silken folds tenderly. A saleswoman had evidently had the entire outfit coercingly displayed, for they were all together, the short, kilted skirts, the beruffled waist, the red mask, the little shoes with the big gilt buckles, and the crimson, silken hose. Ah, Jane, Jane!

Jane's hands shook as she fingered them over, the dress, the shoes, and the silken hose. The sound of laughter, of music, of hurrying feet, beat against the closed door.

Jane sank trembling to her knees. She tried to pray, but a madness was upon her and she could form no words. She rose, and, gathering up the box and a hastily selected article here and there, went with fleet footsteps up the stairs to Sarah's dressing-room.

She tore off her plain gray gown, her modest shoes, and her serviceable petticoat; she loosed her scanty, drab hair, and gazed long and long into the glass. But she could not find herself in the reflection; a stranger's eye, bright with daring, and a rejuvenated face, with hot, red cheeks, looked from it. She tried to cool the cheeks with the palms of her hands, but they, too, were burning—burning with eagerness to begin the task that strange spirit prompted. First, to comb out the meek, smooth locks and "rough" them shamelessly

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into a pompadour; to struggle desperately with a whalebone of vanity and draw in her meager waist to fit the clasp of that knee-short skirt; to pull on the long, red stockings and buckle on the shoes, too—ah! Jane had learned, or, perhaps, something in her which she had forgotten, remembered. This strange creature, with shining eyes and eager, tremulous mouth, did not pause even at squeezing the atomizer and sprinkling “scent” all over her little beruffled self, or hesitate at slipping the mask over her glowing face.

She went to the window and leaned out. There was a throng of revelers in the street. Some one looked up and threw a handful of confetti at her. She laughed—this strange, strange Jane! and ran with eager feet down the stair to the shop, slid back the bolt, and went out into the night.

* * * * *

Such a night! How far removed from the sanctified, silvery light of the moon as it shone on the hillsides and in the valleys of her distant home. This night was golden. There was an intoxicating fragrance in the air from myriads of flowers. Jane crushed some beneath her feet as she stepped giddily on the pavement. A float, flower-laden, drawn by white horses, richly caparisoned with woven roses, passed her, amid wild tooting of horns and shrieks of laughter from its fantastically clad occupants. A passing troubadour bent low to peer into her eyes, and a clown blew his horn in her ear.

The crowd bore her along toward a public park. Sometimes she was jostled roughly, and once she paused, terror-stricken, the old Jane tremblingly awake

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in the new Jane's body; but only for an instant, for no sooner had the terror come than it was dispelled by a broad-shouldered man in a monk's cassock and cowl, who took her hand and guided her through the throng.

Jane looked up into his eyes—and lived.

She did not know where they went or what they said, but she knew that the touch of his hand was ecstasy and the sound of his voice magic. For the first time in her narrow, restricted life, Jane was conscious of the glory and power of her womanhood.

They paused near a musically murmuring fountain. Memory rose like a mist over the sun of her newly found happiness. She knew that she could never sing, "Is My Name Written There?" in the old, safe assurance again. But what if it were erased from the book of everlasting life? It was written here, now, in one night of vivid, pulsating experience.

A line from Omar sang itself in her mind. She understood it now—she repeated it to her companion:

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend."

And he had quoted back, with a look that was as the warmth of red wine:

"Oh, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears."

Approaching dawn laid her cool fingers on the fevered night before Jane found her way—still with her masked protector—to the door of her cousin's shop. Dawn, and Jane not abed! Jane, whose wildest festivity had been to stay up till ten at a church social!

She sat long at the window that morning, clad again in her plain, dark clothes, her hair smoothed back in its accustomed unbecomingness, and tried to find her-

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self. She tried prayerfully to pick up the gray threads from which the fabric of her life was woven, and to go on with the pattern. But this she could never do. The thread of scarlet had been woven in.

IV.

THE GARMENT OF SALVATION.

* * * For he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation. * * * He hath covered me with the robes of righteousness. * * *—Isaiah LXI. 10.

It was a hot evening early in August when the employees thankfully emerged from the sweltering heat of the cannery and exchanged the steaming odor of tomatoes for the pure air of the outer world.

There were varying expressions of relief and fatigue on the heat-flushed faces of the women. Perhaps the relief was mirrored strongest on the face of Hilda Swanson, the new convert from Sweden, and certainly the fatigue showed deepest on the face of the woman just behind her, old "Aunt" Lila.

There was more than fatigue in Aunt Lila's face; there was a sad hopelessness as though she looked inward and saw always the bitter fruitage which had grown from the early planting of her soul.

Her ill-fitting cotton dress was stained with the red juice of the tomatoes, which she peeled with stolid precision from morning until night.

Despite the heat, Aunt Lila wore a hat that had been blue velvet, and once, so long ago that it had outgrown even the suspicion of the reputation, had been new.

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Her hands were scarred, and cut, and stained from their wearisome toil.

The new girl looked from the older woman's face to her hands, and thought longingly of her native Sweden. If this were what it meant, that life which the missionary had told them about, poor, stupid Hilda failed to grasp its meaning. She had worked in Sweden and she worked here, but there there had been much company and merry-making with the youth of her kind, that youth who cared nothing for the Grail of the Spirit or even knew that Christ was to come again in seven short years, and select the sheep (the Mormons) to sit at His right hand and tell the goats (the Gentiles) to about face and depart from Him into unending night.

It had seemed plain to Hilda, and the blue of Swedish sky had grown black with dread of that awful day which the young missionary, convincing with facts and figures, assured her was so soon to dawn. She had gone to join His chosen, but instead of making ready with white garments and keeping her lamp trimmed and burning, she had peeled tomatoes. And instead of being soothed by the oil of sanctity, she had been appalled by tales of corruption and moral filth until she had wondered if, after all, the annointed were nearer to His Kingdom than were some of the pure-minded youth of her own unconsecrated land.

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She fell into step with old Aunt Lila. "It ban hot," she said, by way of conversation.

"Terrible," agreed Aunt Lila, wiping the sweat from her face.

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"My man ban in Salt Lake City lookin' for a job," further informed Hilda.

"Oh, are you married?" Aunt Lila asked.

"Oh, yas, a ban canned in the Temple."

"Canned!" exclaimed Aunt Lila; then, comprehending, her face fell into little lines and wrinkles, which showed how it might have looked if life had ever let her laugh.

"You mean sealed," she said.

"They are yust the same," Hilda insisted, with native stubbornness. "Sometime the boss he say seal the tomatoes, and sometime he say can."

"It's just the same. It means that you can't get out," Aunt Lila said, the bitterness falling like a veil over her face.

"What say?"

"Where do you live?" the older woman asked, instead of repeating her bitter speech.

"Ve got a room on Twenty-fort Street, over a saloon. My man, he drink, sometime a ban so scared." Her childish eyes were very wide and wistful.

"I live out on the bench. If you want, you can stay all night with me," Aunt Lila said.

Hilda caught her breath with a little sob. "A tank you ban so goot."

It was a long walk up to the bench, long and hot, but it cost five cents each for them to ride, so Aunt Lila thought best to buy an extra loaf of bread against the entertainment of her company.

Aunt Lila had two of the fourteen souls which she had furnished with sturdy Mormon bodies still to support. These two, a boy and a girl, came out of the gate to meet them.

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"This is one of the new girls from the factory," their mother said by way of introduction. "You can step over to Sister Avory's and get a pint of milk and a half-dozen eggs, Willie; tell her maw will pay her Saturday night."

She then took the girl's hat and seated her near the open door, where she could get the breeze from the cañon. She threw her own hat on the bed and pinned on an apron. With it, she seemed to put on a certain grace of womanliness.

The Swedish girl's round, blue eyes filled with tears.

"You ban so goot," she choked. The old woman patted her flaxen head.

"Oh, you poor, poor girl," she said sadly. She brooded for a long moment over the girl, and her misguided type, as did He, who brooded over Jerusalem. "How often would I have gathered ye into my arms * * * but ye would not."

She went heavily about the preparation of the simple meal.

* * * * *

Hilda helped the little girl wash up the dishes, and Aunt Lila sat in the doorway and mended the seat of Willie's school pants. When it got too dark for her to see she went inside, and getting her little brood to bed for the night, she went back to her seat in the doorway, but not to work, to think! Oh, God, in mercy! to think. She sat until the dusk deepened to dark, until the moon arose and silver-coated the mountains and made a path of jewels down the river. She thought of the poor little convert asleep in her bed, of her children, those who had been called to rest until He came.

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Those who were battling with the many-faced host of Life's army, of those two asleep in the silent, moonlit room. Then the wheels of time turned backward, and she thought of herself, a child in the farmhouse in Indiana, of her girlhood, and even now, the memory hung like a picture with a gilded background, of her first lover, of their walks in fragrant, moonlit country lanes. Then of her conversion to Mormonism, of the long journey across the plains to reach "the promised land." Of the semicircle of covered wagons, of the Indians, and how they bought peace by an offering from each wagon spread out in pitiful display for their haughty inspection.

Of their arrival in Salt Lake, of their first days of religious fervor and rejoicing that their train of sixty wagons had reached the city in safety.

Then, her thoughts trembled before the crowd of those other memories; of the courting of one of the holy men of Zion; of her fear, despair, loathing—and marriage in the Temple. Of his taking her to a little patch of ground out Corrine way; of the handful of chickens, and poorly fed cows with which she was to make a living for herself and as many children which the good God should send her.

She thought of the miserable adobe house where she lived those toiling days, those anxious days, those mad days, until when he had come to see her, she turned on him like the very fury of hate, demanding her freedom. Heaping awful words of abuse against the Holy Faith, against the apostles of the Lord, against even the sacredness of the revelation and covenant of plural marriage. She had even said that she didn't believe it was a revelation.

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In her desperation she had threatened him with the law of the land. The law of the land! When he was armed with the authority of the Most High!

Oh, she had raved! The memory was with her still. It was a case so serious that no man, even one so inexperienced in the ways of many wives, could cope with alone. So he had gone back to Zion and returned, and, with the aid of other holy men, set out to subdue the awful spirit and set loose the devil that had come to dwell in the person of his seventh wife.

These men were all experienced in "breaking in" obstreperous females. But as a colt will astonish the most skilful trainer, so did she astonish and grieve those holy men. They had to go unusual lengths to subdue her, even to tying a rope around her neck, none too laxly, and throwing her into Salt Creek. And even though she choked until she was black in the face and seemed almost to the point of giving up her awful spirit to the avenging God, still was she not subdued until to her dying ears came the sound that has taken every mother throughout the ages into the very den of the enemy, the cry of her young in pain. She held up her hand in token of submission.

She could stand torture for herself, but none for her baby. Memory made its anguished cry sound again in her ears. For that, just as the canny elder knew, when he had frightened the child, she would have gone down from heaven and entered the very gates of hell.

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She did not faint or falter until she had snatched it from the old demon's arms and soothed and quieted it. Then had come a moment of blessed forgetting. They

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waited, those brave men, until she "came to" and promised all they asked. Women usually promised—of course, there were a few—but the desert tells no tales. All this had been long ago, and yet, by the magic of memory, it was to-night. She gasped in pain, and, putting her scarred, stained hands up to her throat, loosened her collar. She caught her breath in quick, painful jerks. The rope! The rope was there. There where the moonlight shone on a pallid scar. She shivered with the memory of that icy water, she tasted the brine in her mouth, and the tears smarted in her eyes. She rose up and stretched out her arms to the night-sky.

The fire of a long-smoldering resentment flamed up and scorched her well-disciplined soul.

She went into the house and shook the Swedish girl into wakefulness.

She sat up, blinking stupidly. "Hilda," the old woman asked, "have you got on your garment?"

The girl nodded, bewildered.

"Do you know what it means?"

"Yes," the girl whispered, her big eyes dilated with fear. "Ven you talk vat you know, or you break those vows you get killed so, on your heart."

The woman nodded. "Good Mormons must wear them, but not you, Hilda."

"Sometimes, vat it mean if you tak them off?" the girl asked, in a whisper.

"Sometimes this," the woman said, laying bare her throat. The girl gasped with horror. "You ban hong," she breathed.

"Listen," the woman said, holding her arm tight. "Take off that garment, do as I say," as the girl hesi-

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tated, frightened out of her wits. "Slip on your shoes and come with me."

* * * * *

They half-ran down the steep little path to the river and both knelt on the bank, and Hilda, shaking with fear, obeyed the gesture of the woman's hand and threw the sacred garment out into the rushing current of the moon-silvered river. They watched its swift sailing on the breast of the tide with superstitious awe, then climbed the rugged path back to the house.

The woman knelt down by the sleeping children and wakened the boy.

"Willie," she said, "look here."

"I seen that before," he said, as his eyes followed her fingers to the scar.

"Willie, I hate your father!"

"Un-hun," Willie acquiesced, sleepily. Then to change an unpleasant subject, said: "Maw, I want a nickel to-morrow. I gotta get a tablet."

Willie threatened to lapse again into insensibility, but his mother shook him.

"Listen," she said again. Willie and the strange girl from Sweden listened, wondering and afraid.

"I hate your father; I've hated him for forty years, forty years," she repeated. "He is an old man and I am an old woman, but I have hated him every day and every hour since that time when he helped them to do this."

She put her hand up to her throat, and the boy sobbed breathlessly.

"He never supported me, never, although he is a rich man.

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"I've worked all my life with these hands." She held them out in witness.

"I have starved and cared for fourteen children. You are almost raised now. Before many years I can rest, rest." Her voice dropped and lingered over the word. "Through all these years I have worn the garment, I have paid my tithing, I have gone humbly before all men. I have never been housed, or clothed, or fed as a decent woman should be. I have thought that I could endure to the end, but to-night I am through."

She loosened her gown, and they heard the tearing of a cotton fabric.

"Listen," her voice had sunk to a whisper. "In the morning I am going to Salt Lake to see your father. When I come back we four will get on the cars and go away."

"Maw," the boy caught at her hand, "what are you going to do?" he sobbed.

"I am going to your father. I am going to lock him in his room, and hold this"—she laughed huskily and walked over to the bureau, and took from a drawer a little box; this she opened and they saw something gleam like silver in the moonlight—"this revolver to his head until he draws a check of five thousand dollars to me. If he won't—but he will," she answered her own doubt.

She caressed the shining thing before she put it back into the box.

* * * * *

She didn't put the box back into the drawer again, but dropped it into an old shopping-bag.

THE GARMENT OF SALVATION.

The boy whimpered and the little girl stirred restlessly in her sleep. The woman lit a lamp. When she spoke again, her voice sounded so assured and natural that the tense lines of terror in the Swedish girl's face relaxed, and the boy lay back with a sigh of relief.

"You will stay with the children, Hilda, you needn't go to school, Willie."

Willie nodded in drowsy relief.

"I'll take the early train over and will try to be back by two o'clock. Don't be afraid." She put her hands on the girl's for an instant.

"There is law now, thank God, oh, thank God! We are going, mark me, we are going."

* * * * *

The morning papers in Salt Lake City chronicled the sudden death the day before of one of its early pioneers, a bishop in the church.

The death had been unexpected, although the doctor had warned them of the danger of a sudden shock. But as far as his family knew, he had received none.

A check for five thousand dollars had been made out by him and dated the very day of his death. The check was made out to and cashed by one of the lamented's first wives, who, the papers stated, had left Ogden the evening before.

V.

THE ISLES THAT WAIT.

Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their window? Surely the isles shall wait for me.—Isaiah LX. 9.

Bishop Jones had led a long life, and stood as an example to the youth of Zion. He had raised some fifty-odd saplings in the vineyard of the Lord, and had builded him an enormous business, from the employees of which was weekly gathered a goodly sum in tithing for the—but just what, no man rightly knows, though there are some so gross as to say, for the enrichment of the leaders in this cause of righteousness.

The bishop interpreted the scriptural command as to the trimming of his lamp, that it might be bright and burning on the day of His coming, to mean that he must take unto himself as many wives as he could get, and sedulously fulfil the commandment to increase and multiply, by bringing all the olive branches possible into the world, from which to wave the proud banner of his name.

If by chance any one confronted the bishop with certain laws made by the land which sheltered him, or even mentioned a certain passage in Christ's sermon on the mount, he would turn to his much-bethumbed book of the Doctrine and Covenants, and, finding the one hundred and thirty-second section, would point a long

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forefinger to certain unmistakable language given therein: "And if any man espouse a virgin and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and he espouse another and they are vowed to no other man, then he is justified, for he cannot commit adultery with that which belongeth to him and no one else. And if he have ten virgins given unto him by the law, he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him, therefore he is justified. But if any one or either of the ten virgins after she is espoused, shall be with another man, she has committed adultery, for they are given to him to multiply and replenish the earth, according to the commandment given to my father before the foundation of the world."

* * * * *

It is probable that such a commandment was given before the foundation of this world, for, since we are given to understand that He who founded it put thereon people with some ideas of decency (witness the fig-leaf), we know that if He had waited until after this to give such a licentious, self-debasing command, they wouldn't have stood for it. Secondly, if we were to subscribe to that revelation, we must admit that the Savior of humanity was mistaken, for we have heard it said that He said that "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery already in his heart." (Christ's sermon on the mount.)

Is there, then, another, truer teaching than Christ's? The bishop would so have us believe.

Then, too, if we follow the bishop, it is no sin, but rather a virtue for the male portion of creation to commit adultery, but it is a sin unpardonable for that part

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which was made from his rib to so much as flutter an eyelash in any direction than that of her sectional husband. We, who know our Doctrine and Covenants, know well the fate that threatened Sarah if she objected to her husband increasing his marital business. But even so, there are women, it is written with hesitation, right in Zion who are not willing to be, or happy after being, polygamous helpmates. That they are not fully content with the practise of the divine revelation showed quite clearly in the conversation held one afternoon in Sister Jones' kitchen by a number of sisters of the faith. Sister Jones was one of the first of the bishop's several wives. As sometimes happens in a Mormon family it had fallen to one of the wives to care for the children of several. Some of the wives may die, and some be compelled to work in order to support themselves and children. Such a lot had been Sister Jones'.

A good Mormon woman should desire nothing beyond the plainest necessities: it is not good for them, and tends to distract the mind from the privilege of holiness. It is much safer to entrust a man with what he wants: he can keep his eye on the reward of the spirit while he caters to the lusts of the flesh—but a woman! That is different. It is safe to assume that if she has a full stomach she will want a new dress; if she gets a new dress she will want a new hat, so that she can go out to show it; if she has the hat, the chances are nine out of ten that she will "set up" for shoes, and there you are! A woman and small children have much need to learn "The Word of Wisdom," which means that you must not have what you want.

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This Sister Jones was, generally speaking, a good soul, but she had moments of recklessness; she had to-day when Sister Johnston and Sister Slocum and two of the teachers all happened to come in. It was a rainy day, and they tracked in considerable mud on her freshly scrubbed floor. Dolly, a child of one of the younger wives, who was out working, had the mumps, and sat by the fire with her grotesquely swollen little face swathed about with spicy-smelling flannel cloths.

It was Easter week, and Sister Johnston, who was an English woman, and who, even in Zion, cherished some of the traditions of her country, had brought over a pan of her hot cross buns. The little girl held one of them in her hand, but had refrained, after the first painful bite, from eating it. Her flushed little face was sullen with discontent. Sister Johnston looked discontented, too—the buns made her homesick for her happier life in the Fatherland. Sister Jones' face wore the same expression. She was ironing; she spat on the iron, to test its temperature, with some fierceness. "Often and often I wonder what it's all for," she said.

Sister Johnston seemed to know what she meant. "So do h'I. Life ain't worth nothing to me."

"I was at meetin' last night," Sister Slocum said; "an elder was sayin' that we won't have to look to this world, but get our joy in the next; 'tain't but a few more years now till Christ comes to reward the faithful," she sighed.*

"Well, eternity's all right, I suppose," Sister Jones said grudgingly, "but I can't make out, if they are so sure Christ is coming so soon, why they keep on

*The Mormons teach that Christ is coming in 1914.

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building churches, and fine houses, and bringing children into the world. That ain't no fitting way to get ready for Him, seems to me."

One of the teachers, feeling the heresy in this remark, hastened to interpose before Sister Johnston (always a dissenter) sided in. "Sister Jones," she said, "the commandment is to keep your lamp trimmed and burning."

Sister Jones glanced at the child and said bitterly: "Well, He will find plenty of candles burning, if that's what you mean. 'Pears to me that if the men filled some other part of the Scripture as faithful as they do the 'Be fruitful' part, it would be a better world."

This time Sister Johnston did side in. "So do h'I," she said sententiously. "Bishop was around to see me again yesterday, about going through the temple. He thinks h'I ought to get sealed to John. I don't see why; we was married tight and fast enough in h'England. But he said we ought to be sealed for eternity. 'H'indeed h'I don't,' h'I says to him, 'h'I get too much of 'im 'ere. H'I want some rest if h'I get to 'eaven!'"

"Still," the teacher objected, "a woman can't get to heaven unless she is led by a man, and you won't have a man to lead you if you ain't sealed to one."

"Huh!" sniffed Sister Johnston, "seems like a woman 'as got to 'ave 'ell on this world, in h'order to escape it h'in the next."

"It does so," agreed Sister Jones. She glanced at the pan of buns, at the big basket of unironed clothes, back at the buns, hesitated, and was lost. "Let's have a cup of tea," she said venturesomely, "and eat Sister Johnston's buns."



*Shay's
Foto
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"MAKE MORMON TEA," ADMONISHED THE TEACHER; "BLACK TEA IS AGAINST THE WORD OF WISDOM."—Page 53.

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"'Ave you black tea?" quavered Sister Johnston hopefully.

"Make Mormon tea," admonished the teacher. "It's against the word of wisdom to use tea or coffee except in case of sickness."

"I'm sick," the child said.

"We are all sick," Sister Jones added. "Heart and soul sick. If I want a brewin' of black tea, I'm going to have it; wisdom or no."

"Well," the teacher admitted yieldingly, "we are mortal damp."

* * * * *

So Sister Jones made her unchristian cup of tea, and set aside her ironing, and the four women gathered around the table and drank it, and ate Sister Johnston's buns. Sister Jones became quite garrulous over her second cup, and the intoxicating experience of sitting down in the daytime. The faces of Sisters Johnston and Slocum, and of one of the teachers reflected sympathy, and of the other teacher, to whom a new idea was as unwelcome to her mind as was a draft to the back of her neck, disapproval with Sister Jones' daring remarks: "Bearin' the souls of men, as the Cov'nant says, ain't all a woman wants in this world," Sister Jones said. "I bore thirteen myself, and raised as many more, but do you think that has satisfied all my longings? It ain't. When I was a girl, back in Missouri, I used to read novels—wa'n't no harm in them," in response to the teacher's look, "and I always dreamed of the way them book folks lived. Maybe it's wicked, but I always kept it in mind; their lives seemed so—so full, some way. My! how I would like to hear

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folks like them talk, the way they do in books, where they just break off in the sentence and finish in French or some forrin' tongue. 'Pears to me that if God should judge agin' them, they could just smile any way, and say, 'I've had my heaven here.'"

The teacher breathed a chesty sigh. "'Tain't ours to judge, sister," she said. She glanced toward the child, now half-asleep in her chair. "Dally ought not to hear such talk," she said.

Sister Jones poured some more hot water over the tea-grounds. "Do you suppose it would hurt Dally any more than what she heard her paw say the other morning?" she asked, her tired old eyes flashing with indignation. "I don't know as I have a call to be shielding him," she said, as in answer to an inner thought. "He ain't smoothed my path none. Sister Libbie, Dally's maw, has just been put to it to raise money to pay Willie's doctor bill. Yes, he's some better, but the poor boy is pretty miserable yet. Dally here was just barefoot and had to have shoes before she could start into school Monday. I says to her maw that I'd go see her paw and see if he wouldn't get her shoes (it's almost lucky she has the mumps now, it gives me an excuse to send the teacher). It's been years since I've asked for so much as that." She snapped her toil-blunted fingers. "Well, come Monday, I took her and went up to his office. I wanted to get the money and get her shoes before school called. She had to wear a pair of her maw's, and she hung back, pouting, for fear some of her mates should see her and call shame to her. Her poor little feet were rattling like peas in a pod, the shoes was so loose on her, and I didn't blame her much. I was

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plumb took back when I went into his office. He always tells us that he is so poor that he can scarce make out; but, shucks! There was carpet on the floor, and he was sitting at a handsome desk in one of them turnin'-chairs. He didn't look poor. I went up to him and said, shortlike, that I had come for money to get the child some shoes. He looked at me, smiling, and asked 'Why?' 'Because you brought her into the world,' I said, and he answered me with these words. Dally heard him, poor little thing: 'If I bought shoes for every brat I have brought into the world,' he says, 'I'd be a poor man.' "

* * * * *

Little Dally roused up and began to cry. "My ears ache," she sobbed. The old lady took her up in her arms. "That's just what that man said, wasn't it, auntie?" she whimpered.

"That man! Why, land sakes, child, 'e's your paw!" Sister Johnston exclaimed, scandalized.

"She scarce senses it," Sister Jones said. "She ain't seen him but a few times; he ain't no more a paw to her, the way I sense the relationship, than that there man across the street. He used to notice some of the first children, but now he don't know these here ones by sight. There, there, Dally, stop crying. I know they ache, but that hot flannel'll ease them. Oh, it's the shoes you're crying about? Well, shut up, then; didn't I tell you I'd get you some as soon as I finish this ironing, and Miss Silver pays me?"

"Of course," the teacher conceded, "Bishop ought not to have spoke so. But I suppose he is pestered awful. He can't be expected to put out money on all his children, even President Smith don't do that."

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"That's what I say ain't right," Sister Jones said, clearing away the tea things and getting her ironing-board out. "A man ought to provide for what he brings in the world."

"That's what I think, too," Sister Slocum said. "And if I have to get to heaven by hangin' on to some of these old Mormons' hands, I'd about as soon not go."

The teachers looked at each other, and the younger shook her head. Three dissenters in one afternoon! But there was no need in argument; they saw that. When they rose to go, however, the elder one gripped her duty in both hands, and asked them urgently to come to meeting.

Sister Jones shook her head as she smoothed a garment over the ironing-board. "I might drag my legs to the meetin'-house," she said, "but after what the bishop said yesterday I couldn't whip my soul into submission. If I'm lost, I'm lost. But after all these years, after seeing my children scattered about by the winds of adversity, and me at sixty taking in washing for a living, and him to speak to me like that—no, I can't go to meeting. I will pray to Him here. All I want now is some place to rest; maybe I'll find some little spot among all them mansions. But I'll wait here."

VI.

A FIRST WIFE.

Ruth Simms had lived all of her life in the shadow of the temple. She knew its every curve and angle, and as familiar as her own father, was the form of the Angel Moroni who stands in gilded splendor on the eastern tower of that remarkable building, built as was Solomon's temple of old, without sound of hammer, but reverently, brick on brick, into a mighty monument of faith.

Ruth believed that within those walls one learned the mystery of God and the purpose of life; she thrilled with awe at the prospect of entering its sacred walls, to be sealed for time and eternity to Wilson Herrick, and to look at last upon the truth revealed.

Not every couple in Zion are deemed worthy, by those in authority, to be sealed in this holy of holies; some are married by the bishops in the ward meeting-houses, for time, and must prove their fitness by a sedulous obedience to the laws of the church, before they can enter the temple. For not even under the very thumb of the Presidency is every spiritual lamp kept properly trimmed, for even as did the serpent enter into the garden, so now, in the very shadow of the temple entereth worldliness, worldliness, my children, so that not all are fitted to "walk with him in white garments."

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Ruth was worthy; both by reason of the standing of her family in the church, and her own earnest work in the Sabbath school and the "Mutual," was she both called and chosen for the temple rites, and as for Elder Herrick—was he not just returned from a fruitful mission in Australia where his beguiling eye and plausible tongue had fully persuaded a number of souls, tottering on the very brink of apostasy, to seek the green fields of Zion and there await the coming of the King? Elder Herrick had done well, he had returned with a goodly number of the saved souls of the enemy as did the warriors of old with their scalps, into the camps of his fathers; he had brought with him converts who had filled his people with pleasure, for even as there is more rejoicing in heaven over the one lost sheep than over the ninety and nine that stayed about the fold, so is there in Zion over the one convert with money than over the ninety and nine who count their small change, and the elder had brought with him two families of wealth to give a tenth of their substance to the cause of Righteousness, so verily was he worthy when the day dawned that he and his bride were to make ready for the anointing in the name of the Spirit.

Ruth entered the temple in thrilled exaltation, and walked through the first rooms of the endowment with a feeling as though she was approaching the very gate of glory, but some of the service worried her, and some of the promises she made, gave her a vague pain of foreboding, and in that chamber where the rended veil shows a skeleton of horror instead of an angel of light, she fainted—brides often do—and was sealed by proxy—brides often are.

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For the ceremony, as to the time it takes to be performed, gives a foretaste of the eternity for which it is preparing, and as there are no refreshment stands in the temple, the spirit does not always support the body of the devotee all the way through, but they always see enough to remember—and usually to obey.

Ruth loved her husband with all the ardor of her nature, and in those first days when they spent their honeymoon at the Great Salt Lake, set like a jewel in the hills, and reflecting the intense, cloudless blue of Utah's summer skies, to the lovely Lagoon, where a fresh-water lake snuggles close under the shadow of the mountain, through the grand cañons of the Wasatch and back to their own little adobe home on the shore of the Jordan River, she thought that she had sensed in the silences of God's outdoor temples the mystery and the meaning of life which she had failed to grasp in the mighty tabernacle made with hands. She made of her home a shrine. She was a housewifely, domestic little woman, and each article of furniture that came into the house filled her with a joyous sense of possession. She loved to move them about; to drape back her crisp new curtains in new ways, and to cut wonderful, intricate, scalloped edges in paper to decorate her cupboard shelves, and on which she arranged and rearranged her adored rosebud china and her little blue tea set. It gave her a sense of fulfilment to make a batch of bread "turn out" right, and a joy bordering on ecstasy to have her husband praise a meal or the shining order of her house. Later came the greater joy of fashioning tiny garments for the coming of a little child, and when he came! Ah! but Ruth was a happy woman.

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She went to the mothers' meeting with a quivering joy at her right to be there, and marveled at the world-weary, saddened faces of some of the older women, and, against her will, came memories of old tales thronging up over the threshold of her conscious happiness; tales of the early days in Zion, when sorrow and women walked hand in hand. Her own mother had been a fifth wife, and, looking back, she could not remember to have seen her smile. But youth takes the sorrows of age for granted. Ruth believed in the Doctrine and Covenant. She believed that the revelation, regarding the plurality of wives, to have come from God; and a commandment was a commandment—she knew that. She loved her father and had an affection for all his wives. She believed that the president of the church was right to cleave unto the five wives the Lord had given him, and to contend that the law of God (as given to His seer and prophet) was better to hold fast to than the law made by men unguided by any light other than that which shone about a political platform. She believed in the church law rather than the land's law—but still—she fell in step with old Sister Clausen when they came out of meeting and asked breathlessly: "Have you ever been happy, Sister Clausen?"

Sister Clausen raised her whitish-brown cotton umbrella as a shield against the too persistent spring sunshine and looked out from under its shadow at her questioner with a ruminating light in her faded eyes.

"I d'know as 'twas meant fur us to be what you call happy," she said slowly.

"But were you," the girl persisted, "when you were young?"

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"That was a good time ago," the old lady hedged, then added a trifle impatiently: "Cain't you be content if you be happy yourself without worrin' about others?"

Ruth sighed, "I got to thinking about polygamy in meeting," she said; "I was wondering how you stood it, if you loved your husband as I love Wilse."

The old lady was silent until she reached and turned into her own gate; she spoke then as she fumbled with the latch. "We loved our husbands," she said, "and we stood it, some of us did. But——" she hesitated, then added so low that the girl just caught the words, "it was to our hearts like black frost would be to them flowers," pointing to a bed of scarlet tulips, "it withered them." She put down her umbrella and started up the path, then turned and leaned over the fence to whisper to the girl, "I hope Brother Wilson won't be called to take no more."

"Oh! He won't—he can't," Ruth gasped, almost running in her haste to get away.

She caught her baby up in her arms the moment she reached home and looked deep in his vague, wide-open eyes. She held him to her so passionately that he cried out and she smothered his little face with kisses. He was the visible bond between her husband and herself. She could stand—she thought with a sob, to have him love another woman—if—if God meant that—but not—not to see or to know that he could fondle another's child on his knee. She carried the baby out on the porch, around which the vines were beginning to show green, and looked through their tender foliage to the hills, flushed in the glory of the sunset, and to her fear-awakened soul it seemed as though the red

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glow was as from the stain of the blood of the women martyred by a cruel, perverted law, and her soul sickened with memories of the past and a new apprehension of the future. She saw her husband turn down the street, but her feet felt weighted so that she could not go to meet him. He came bounding up the steps and caught the baby in his arms.

The baby screamed with delight and buried his tiny fists in his hair. "Make him let go, Ruthie," he said laughingly, "and protect me from his onslaughts until I can get in the house."

Ruth loosened the baby's hands, kissing each little pink palm in a passion of love. "You won't ever love another one like you do this?" she asked, forcing his careless glance to her white face.

"Why—why I reckon I'd love 'em all the same," he said. "I suppose the little shavers bring the love with them."

"Would you," Ruth caught at his hand as he turned to enter the house, "love him just the same if—if some other woman was—was his mother?"

"Reckon so, if he was as cute as this fellow," he said, holding out his hands to the baby, but his mother held him close. "The worst of it is," she half-whispered, "is the children."

"Huh!" he said carelessly, then added, "Seems to me it's feeding-time; where's supper?"

"I haven't it cooked yet, Wilse," Ruth faltered, "I—I went to mothers' meeting"—he smiled approval—"and I don't know why, but I got to thinking about Sister Clausen and Grandma Todd and a lot of the women, and wondering that they all looked so, so—well, sort of through with things, and then I got to

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thinking about polygamy—I never thought of it so before—but—but it seems so cruel——” she hesitated, and laid one cheek against the baby’s soft, feathery hair.

A frown darkened her husband’s face.

“You could better have been thinking of your soul’s salvation,” he said in his mission voice, “than presuming to criticize (as I see you were) one of the blessed commandments of the Father.”

“But—Wilson, you don’t believe in it—now?”

“The will of the Father is the same, yesterday, today, and forever,” he said sententiously.

“Oh, Wilson,” Ruth cried piteously, “you—you couldn’t marry again, say you couldn’t!”

“Not unless it is the will of the Father. Look here, Ruth, do you believe in the testimony of the golden plates of Nephi?”

“Yes——”

“You believe—know, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of Almighty God?”

“Yes.”

“You know that the Mormons are His chosen people—we are the church who restored the scriptures to a sinful world, and carry the torch to light the way to salvation.”

“Yes,” Ruth said uncertainly. She was not thinking of what he said at all, but of how blue his eyes were and how pretty his hair waved off of his still boyish forehead, and wondering if one of those girls, those rich convert girls from Australia, who had come all of the long journey in his company, had noticed them, too, and if—if——

“Then,” concluded her husband, a touch of impa-

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tience in his voice, "you must accept His law on all matters. If polygamy was His divine command, and was ever right, it is right now. No puerile law can alter that."

"But do you believe it is right?"

"I know it!" A light of religious fanaticism kindled in his eye. "All of our great leaders have been polygamists—do you think they were wrong, when they were allowed to talk face to face with our Lord?"

But Ruth was sobbing helplessly, wiping her eyes on a bit of the baby's ruffled petticoat.

"You act," her husband said sternly, "as though I had married again."

"But I am so afraid you will," the girl sobbed.

"Not unless God so ordains."

"But He always ordains just what the men want," she cried.

"Ruth," his tone was new to her, "put the baby down and get supper, I must go to the councilors' meeting."

Ruth put the baby in his carriage and tried to smile in his wondering little face with her trembling lips, then went into her little pantry, with all its bravery of scalloped paper, and rosebud china, and shining tinware. She took down the little teapot and looked at it with streaming eyes. It was a symbol. "He—he believes in it," she choked; "he can conceive of other wives and babies—and—and—homes!" She put the little pot back on its paper doily on the shelf, and went about preparing supper, but the shrine was desecrated, it was as a temple without a god, a hearth without a fire, a body wherein the spirit of hope had gone and the monster of fear had entered. She knew what had

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given that look to the faces of the older women of Zion, she remembered what she had promised and why she had fainted in the temple.

As soon as her husband had started for the meeting, she pinned a blanket under the baby's dimpled chin, and started across the prairie to Grandma Dutton's—Grandma *knew*.

It was the night of the young people's "Mutual," and she met scores of them on their way to the meeting-house. A group of girls stopped her and wanted to look at the baby. She turned him around and made a mouthing coo so that he would smile at them.

"Looks just like the Herricks," one of them said. "Wilse's children are going to be like old man Herrick's—every one of his children looked just like him. Sister Sarah used to say that it put her to it to tell her young ones from Sister Jane's and Sister Lydy's. They was all out-and-out Herricks."

Ruth put the baby over her shoulder. "He favors me," she said shortly.

"Well, you won't have no trouble to pick him out from the rest, then," the girl laughed, and Ruth wondered that she never knew before how intensely she hated her.

It was a warm, sultry evening, and the clouds over the lake foreboded rain. The air was sweet with the odor of growing things, and the damp, earthy smell of the ground, not long released from its last covering of snow. Birds twittered in the box-elder trees over her head, she looked up in the branches and whispered huskily: "They only choose one mate, and raise one brood, and build one nest."

Grandma came out to the gate, screening her eyes

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from the last rays of the setting sun. "Baby sick, Ruth?" she called. "He cries like he mout be."

Ruth looked at the baby with dazed eyes. "I didn't know he was crying," she said. "He must be hungry; I—I forgot to feed him."

The old lady took him, and gave him a professional poke here and there. "'Tain't him," she said, "it's you; what's happened?"

Ruth moistened her dry lips. "Wilse believes in polygamy," she whispered, as though all was said.

"'Course he does," Grandma said succinctly, "ain't he a dirty man?"

"Oh, Grandma," the girl protested, "Wilse is awful good."

"Well, maybe so," the old lady agreed, without conviction. "Has he took another wife?"

"No—but oh, Grandma, I am so afraid he will," Ruth sobbed.

The old lady made a clucking little sound, a mixture of relief and disgust.

"Time enough to cry when he does," she said. "Here, sit you down and nurse the baby, pore little dear; he has et half this cracker a'ready, he is so starved. I'll make you some tea, and then you and me will talk."

The girl took the baby, and the very act of ministering to his need calmed her.

"You have always lived in polygamy?" she asked needlessly, for every one knew that Grandma was one of a half-dozen wives.

"Mout's well say hell," she snapped, "but if polygamy is a politer word fer it—I hev."

"Do you think God commanded it?"

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"Command fiddlesticks," she said irreverently.

"But the men in the old testament——" Ruth faltered over the words, "they had lots of wives, and——"

"Drunk blood out'n each other's skulls, an' et their extra children; but that ain't so sayin' as we should——ss—I kin see," the old lady said testily. "Solomon had a right smart number, I disremember how many, but I know Brigham Young died before he near caught up."

"Are you a doubter?" Ruth asked wonderingly.

"Not of the goodness of God, honey, but of some of His servants. I think some of them git the name of their employer mixed. Wa'n't no way out when I was young, but for you——"

"There has got to be a way," Ruth interrupted eagerly. "I can't let Wilse marry again. I don't believe God ever meant that he should. I'd hate Him if I did. Why, He made us, too. All creation ain't for men's choosing. We have rights, too. But I can't make Wilse see. And—and, I am so afraid that he is going to have a revelation about one of those Australian girls."

"What makes you think so?" Grandma asked, rinsing out her teapot preparatory to making a fresh cup.

"I don't just know. It kind of came to me; hints I have heard and let pass, and to-day in mothers' meeting, it came over me in a flash, and when Wilse came home I couldn't get any satisfaction out of him—he just threw up God's will to me."

Both were silent. Into Grandma's withered brown cheeks crept a dim flush; she twisted her lean old hands in her lap, and set her toothless gums in a hard,

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straight line. The hands on the dial of her life turned back until they reached its morning. She had been a first wife—and she knew.

“Waal,” she said finally, “if it’s God’s will (which it ain’t) fer men to live with as many fool women as they kin git, then it must be His will fer women to do the same; we come from the same source—so ’at the same law must work.”

“Oh, Grandma!” Into the girl’s eyes crept a look of shrinking horror.

“I reckon Wilse would sing a different tune if he thought you was playin’ the same game.”

“Grandma!”

“You hush,” the old lady lisped, sternly. “Do you want Wilse should marry again?”

“No! Oh, no!”

“Well, then leave it to me. You go out to Sister Sidory’s ranch first thing in the mornin’. Don’t tell Wilse where you are goin’, but if he finds out where you be, and phones out, say that you are hevin’ a fine time, ’cause that handsome young feller you went out with when he was away on his mission, is stayin’ out there, an’——”

“Oh, I can’t!”

“Let him go ahead, then.”

“No—no!” the cry was anguished.

“Then listen. You be sound asleep when he comes to-night, an’ soon as he leaves in the mornin’ take all your best things an’ go out to your Aunt Sidory’s. Keep fixed up an’ smiling every minit, an’ if he comes, or phones, be as bright as a cricket an’ say as how you air willin’ as he should take another wife——”

“Grandma!”

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“Because you are in the notion of livin’ with another man——”

“There ain’t any other man. I never loved any one but Wilse.”

“Humph! I d’know as a man is so much that a woman cain’t make one up fer a special occasion.”

“But maybe Wilse won’t come,” Ruth said, although a daring light was beginning to shine in her usually mild brown eyes.

“He’ll come,” Grandma affirmed, “I ain’t lived nigh on to eighty years ’out knowin’ his sect.”

* * * * *

Wilson apprehended a scene when he reached home, and was relieved to find his wife sleeping peacefully. She seemed quite as usual the next morning, too. If her cheeks were unusually pink and her eyes brighter than their wont, he did not notice it; he only thought, as he kissed her good-by, how pretty she was. He was sorry that she had felt so bad the night before; he decided to take her some candy or a bunch of flowers at noon.

He thought of her often during the forenoon, and hurried somewhat on his way home to dinner. It was Friday, the day Ruth always baked bread. He smiled as he anticipated how she would have all of the fat brown loaves spread out for him to admire. He expected to see the baby on the porch, in his carriage, it was so warm; but no—he must be asleep in the house. He opened the door softly and stepped from the little front room into the bedroom, and, seeing no one there, hid foolishly behind the kitchen door, to jump out and surprise them—they must be in the kitchen. But there was no sound; he peered out, cautiously, but saw noth-

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ing save the empty room, aggressively silent. Ruth's blue apron hung on a peg near the cupboard door, and her sunbonnet was on its accustomed nail under the clock shelf—she couldn't be in the garden. He called to her, but his voice seemed to awaken echoes all over the house, as though it were calling with him, or mocking—"Ruth, Ruth." Then the silence, falling again, hurt him like a blow. He went into the bedroom and began mechanically opening the drawers. He noticed that her hat was gone; the hat she had worn when they were first married. She wouldn't get a new one this spring, she said she wanted to put the money in the carriage for the baby; he remembered her smile as she said that every one would be so busy admiring the baby that they wouldn't notice her hat. He shut the drawer and went out in the kitchen again. He walked around the room, looking at each familiar object: this was where she always sat to tend the baby; there were the marks his carriage made on the floor; there hung the dish-towels, the one for the white and the one for the colored dishes, as Ruth called the pots and pans. Over the paper woodbox hung a tiny garment of the baby's, and on the floor lay a little rubber toy. He picked it up, and it squeaked horribly. He started and called again; then, his voice awaking only the echoes, he buried his face in the folds of the blue apron. Wilson had his revelation.

He put on his hat and hurried over to Grandma's. She might be there. She wasn't, but Grandma knew where she might be. Grandma knew so much. She told him about that lovely young man, who, she guessed, was out to Aunt Sidory's now, picture-making or some such fancy work. She knew that he was awful

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taken with Ruth—wanted to make picters after her, as she recollected; Ruth might have made a mistake throwing him over; but then, she didn't know. Men seemed to have authority from Almighty to take more'n one wife, seemed about time that women was getting a revelation that it was all right to live with more than one man. Sort of seemed strange for a woman to be contented with a dozenth part of a man when the man—but Wilson had gone.

* * * * *

He got to Aunt Sidory's at dusk. He had almost run over the dry, cacti-covered prairie to the ranch. He had but one thought, to see Ruth and the baby. Grandma was right. He hurried as he thought of the picture man. He saw Ruth on the porch; she looked cool and pretty; she had on a light dress, and something red—a flower—in her light hair. She saw him and smiled, and he caught her in his arms.

Ah! Grandma knew! For he promised all that she had a right to ask, and for Ruth "the desert blossomed as the rose."

VII.

THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

It stood far up in the deep, shadowy cañon of the Wasatch Mountains. It was built of logs, rough-hewn and massive. Its furniture was of the crudest, but there was here and there a pathetic touch of attempted decoration, which showed that a woman had dwelt therein. On the ledge of the one barred window stood a cracked cup holding a bunch of white, ethereal-looking flowers that grew up close to the snow-line. It was very silent. The woman who stood, straining against the barred doorway, felt an oppression as if the two sides of the cañon were closing up, shutting out the light and air.

Presently she cried out, half in relief from the awful loneliness, and half in instinctive terror of what the approaching footsteps might foretell.

A man, dressed in the picturesque garb of the frontiersman of forty years ago, advanced slowly along the faintly marked trail, and stopped with an amazed whistle when he saw the woman standing in the doorway of the cabin.

"What—who on earth!" he exclaimed.

"A woman in hell!" The voice of the woman, despite the rough tragedy of her words, had in it a certain appealing sweetness. The man drew near and asked in a low voice: "What they got you shut up for?"

THE MOUNTAIN ON WHOSE HEIGHTS PROPHETS OF THE FAITH ARE SAID TO TALK WITH GOD.



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"Because I kept running away. Yesterday I got out and climbed clear up there," pointing back over her shoulder to the white-crowned peak. "I thought I could get down on the other side, but they caught me, and then they put these on." She touched the heavy limbs that were nailed barwise across the door.

"What you done—gone off here?" he tapped his forehead.

"No; I am what you men call a stubborn female. I have been trying to run away from Zion ever since I found that the man I married had three other wives, and that we was all nothing but the same as nigger wenches—to slave for nothing. I got pretty near away twice, and I guess they thought I'd get help from the Gentiles, because the last time they brought me here. I suppose you are one of the dogs they have sent to see if I'm safe?"

"Me! Do I look like one of them oily, sanctimonious, long-whiskered religious fakirs? Think I hang my hopes of glory on to their darned old gas balloon of Mormonism—do I look it?"

* * * * *

His indignation seemed so genuine and his eyes so honest, that, much as the woman had reason to suspect treachery, she believed him.

"But how," she asked, "do you come to be here?"

"Happen-stance, pure and simple. I drive the stage. The present road over the mountain is as steep and slippery as the road out of the warm pond the Saints tell us about. My pard is holdin' on to the seat, tryin' to keep the hosses from sittin' back in his lap to-day, while I'm prospectin' these here cañons to see if there is a way through. Understand?"

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"Yes. Are you really a Gentile?"

"Sure pop. I'm one of them men that the 'Doctrine and Cov'n't' mentions." He laughed a loud guffaw that reechoed down the cañon. "Do you mind the revelation young Joe got from Almighty? It goes like this: '* * * an' the trump of God shall blow loud and long and shall say to the sleeping nations: ye saints arise an' live; ye sinners stay an' sleep until I come again.' (18 verse, 43 section Doctrine and Covenant.) If they was all as gol-blamed sleepy-headed as I be, bet half of 'em rather stretch and turn over an' go back to sleep. I swan, I'd choose the sinner's half of the agreement."

"How do you know the Covenant if you are a Gentile?" the woman asked, with reawakened suspicion.

"For my own edification. Besides, it's healthier for me to pretend to the bloomin' saints that I'm open to conviction. When your biz takes you in the prophet's dooryard like mine does, it's policy to act like you may go into the fold, see?"

"You wouldn't——" The woman's eyes were so wistful that the man was stung with sudden tears, and he looked studiously at the copper toe of his heavy riding-boot as she continued: "Help a woman to escape?"

"Would if I dast," he said, after an embarrassed silence. "I ain't posin' for a coward. I'll fight Injuns with the next one, an' I reckon I know by the feel which end of a gun to take holt of; but your saints ain't no little thing for a man to buck up agin'—I'd rather face a bloomin' torpedo-boat than one of them Christian outfits if they're wrathful. Do you know what they did to one man with a Sir Walter Raleigh

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disposition, who was assistin' one of their discontented females to escape? Hear about him? No; well, they staked him down out on the desert—sun gets sorter warmish out there, you know. Well, they put food an' water where he could see 'em, but just out of his reach, an' left him. He was found before the buzzards (you mind your little buzzard story in the marriage endowment ceremony) got holt of him, but, pshaw! he was so locoed that he wa'n't fit for nothin' but the monkey-house. And the woman——”

“What did they do to the woman?” Her face was so white as she whispered the question that he said hastily: “Oh, nothin', I reckon, but make her promise to mind. I have heerd back East about people wantin' the whole hog; trouble with you Mormon women seems to be that you want the whole man. Why ain't you satisfied with your share?”

The woman looked at him, and he felt the red blood rise in his rough-tanned cheeks at her look. “Ain't that, I know,” he amended hastily. “Darned if I could, I'd help you. Got anything to eat?”

“Stale bread and water.”

“Huh! They could show the devil hisself some new stunts in the disciplin' line.” He half-turned away, and the woman held out her hands in terror.

“Oh! stay—don't—don't leave me,” she implored. “Just what you have said, just hearing your voice, has helped me—here,” she touched her forehead. “You know, I thought I was going mad.”

“Small wonder if you did,” the man muttered. He turned back with reluctance, for, as he said, he well

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knew the issue of any misdirected gallantry in a case like the present.

She read his thought. "I know you are afraid, and I don't blame you, but——" the anguish in her tone touched him.

"I'll knock off some of the trimmin's on your door, so as you can get out," he offered.

She shook her head, and said, in shamed confusion: "I—I can't—it wouldn't help me, because—because ——" she sobbed, "they took away my clothes. This is just a bedquilt I wrapped around me."

"The devils!" the man muttered. He chewed the ends of his long mustache. "When are they comin' back?" he asked.

"I don't know. Soon, I suppose; they will watch me pretty close since I got away yesterday."

The man considered. "I can think better on a full stomach," he said. "I'll fix my snack." He moved a few steps away.

"Don't go!" the woman shrieked.

"I won't. I'm goin' to find twigs enough to het up some coffee. You an' me will drink it, an' then we'll light on some plan for your getaway."

A light came into the woman's face, and her strained expression settled into softer lines. He noticed for the first time that she was pretty.

"Pore little heifer," he said softly. He knelt down where she could see him, and, holding his broad hat before the little heap of twigs, lighted them.

"I'll give you the water," the woman called. She was afraid to trust him out of her sight while he went to a near-by creek. He heard the soft patter of her bare feet on the floor; she came back to the door with

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a small pail of water, which she poured with some difficulty through the cracks between the bars, into the can he held up. She talked to him while he waited for the water to boil.

"I get so awful scared and lonesome I about give up to go back," she said, "but when I see them I hate them so that I know I'd stand the fire of the stake sooner than go back and live with him. All his wives hate him; he is so mean. Mary died last week; she took poison. We knew. Maybe we'd all 'a' took some, too, if there had been any left. But her death was horrible—horrible!" She covered her eyes with her hands; then, remembering the lack of convention in her costume, took them down, and, blushing deeply, wrapped the quilt more closely around her.

* * * * *

The man handed her a tin cup of strong coffee, and a great slice of bread and meat, and sat down near the door to eat his own "snack."

With the warmth of the coffee, and the stimulus of the food, which, despite her famished condition, she ate with a certain daintiness, her spirits rose, as did the man's courage. Twice during their strange repast she laughed at some of his quaint tricks of expression.

"I wish that quilt wasn't so gol-blamed decollatay," he said, "so you could skin out with me now. But as it won't answer for a real bang-up travelin' costume, I'll have to light out now an' scare up some female apparel."

Her eyes widened again with terror.

"Don't you go to gettin' scairt," he said reassuringly. "I'll get you out of this weasel trap to-night."

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"Oh, do, do!" the woman begged. "Listen," she lowered her voice to a whisper. "He—he said that here, in this room," looking shudderingly over her shoulder toward a dim corner, piled full of rubbish, "over there is the skeleton of a woman who ran away, and he said they kept her here to warn—warn women like me." The man peered through the bar.

"It's a dirty lie," he said, the while his face whitened at—was it? It might have been a trick of the shadows, but it looked like something that might once have been a woman's hand.

"I'll get you out of this hell-trap," he promised. He took her trembling little hands and pressed them kindly, then strode off down the cañon.

Left alone, the woman pressed close against the bars in the doorway. She believed the man would come back, yet—if he should not, if even then some of her enemies were coming and should see him, and suspect his purpose. She was sure afraid. For the first time since her incarceration, she glanced over in the darkened corner. It seemed to her that she saw what the man had thought he had seen.

"Oh, in Christ's name!" she gasped, "can such things be? Yet they are done in His name and under the cloak of religion. Religion! Oh, the sin and the shame of it!" She sank to her knees and lifted her voice in prayer. The words echoed up the walls of the cañon, and perchance, who can tell? may have reached even above the white tops of the mountains, on through the blue into the light beyond.

"God," she prayed, "if Thou wilt help me to escape, if Thou wilt let me out of this," she shook the bars of her prison, "and let me reach safety in a Christian land,

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I will never, never rest from doing all I can to bring justice to the outraged women of this wicked, wicked system. Amen!"

She kept her word.

* * * * *

She watched the afternoon shadows lengthen, listened to the twilight calls of the birds, strained her eyes for a sight and her ears for a sound of some one approaching. Hope and fear struggled together as darkness stole down the cañon.

At last, when it seemed she could no longer endure the waiting, she heard hurried footsteps, and the man who was her promised rescuer came running up to the door.

"They are after me," he panted, "the——" A few forceful blows broke down a couple of the bars. "Don't wait for anything. I've got some fixin's for you in the stage. My pard is waitin' with it down the cañon. Oh, damn!" he exclaimed, "you are barefoot. But you can't stop—I hear them now! Skin! Run on ahead! Straight down the cañon."

The woman needed no second bidding. She ran like a startled deer. The man followed, his spurs clattering as he ran. He had his revolver cocked in his hand.

The saints, several of them, were racing after them down the hillside. Some of the language they called after them did not sound as though it had been selected for, and recommended to, them in a revelation. They ordered them to stop in the name of all Authority, and under penalty of some of the most blood-curdling threats. As soon as they were close enough they began to fire. A bullet tore its way through a corner of

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the quilt, which was flapping around the woman as she ran. One stung like a hornet in the man's shoulder, but he didn't pause, not even to discharge his own weapon, until, panting and breathless, they reached the stage. He hid the woman in the "boot," sprang to the seat, and whipped up the horses. This moment's pause gave their pursuers time to come almost abreast of the stage. The man turned in his seat and emptied his revolver at the group. He got a number of bullets through his hat, which he now keeps carefully put away in an old leather baggage boot that had once carried precious freight across the desert.

Sometimes he will take it out and tell its story. He will explain that the stiffness in his shoulder is not due to rheumatism, and he will finish his story, after he has lit his pipe and leaned back in his wide, easy chair, by saying: "It was a close shave, but," as he peers out into the kitchen, where a white-haired old lady moves cheerfully about, "I'll be gol-blamed if it wasn't worth it!"

VIII.

WHEN CELIA RANG THE BELL.

Celia Lennox was a pretty, wistful-eyed girl, sentimentally religious by nature. When, as a child, she had watched the sun sinking in a bed of purple and gold, and caught the glory of its reflection on the mountain peaks, she had fancied that it foretold the opening of the gates of heaven, and the reflection was like unto that which would transform the faces of the faithful who dared to meet the King. Celia thought that she longed for that day more than any other, and would fairly burst her slender throat singing, "I am waiting, only waiting, for the blessed day to dawn," and thought that she meant it until she got acquainted with Ross Cranford. After that she knew that this world was good enough for her, so long as it held him.

It has been said of old that the course of true love never yet ran smooth, and when that love is between a Gentile youth and a Mormon maid many and treacherous are the rapids, and deep and unexpected the sink-holes.

This was before the reign of any law other than the church was more than a fevered dream of the night. The religious zeal of Celia and her father and mother, and her five "aunties" was so well known, that her clandestine intimacy with the young hound of a Gentile had been going on for some time before the sleuth of

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the ward, the bishop, found it out and reported it to her father, who, aside from dividing the solace of his presence among six exacting, hard-working wives, was the bishop's first counselor.

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The father was astounded, and admitted, when brought up standing before the very image of his guilt, that he had been remiss in not disposing of his daughter Celia in marriage before. It was quite true that Celia was past sixteen, and might already have added at least a branch to the spreading tree whose shade was to shut out the sun of reason and of truth, and whose poisoned roots were to sap the strength from the growth of religious freedom and take away the shelter of the country's law.

But Celia had been a good girl at home; when her mother was not there she had ministered to his wants. She could make delicious milk biscuits, and get a meal in such short order as to please her father. Then, too, she kept the younger children washed, and darned, and polite. In fact, the family which had Celia was clearly his favorite, and more because of the cheerful efficiency of the daughter than of any superior attractions of the mother. Twice had he frowned on two would-be suitors from the sheep of the fold, only to find that his favorite daughter was "going on" with a goat. True, and true it is, that many of the saints were sore afflicted by the unwelcome invasion of the Gentiles into their sanctified land.

Something must be done, and at once. While his counselor had been talking of the virtues of his comely daughter, the mouth of the bishop had been fairly

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watering. He had a revelation right then and there that God desired him to take another wife, and decided that that wife better be Celia.

* * * * *

Now in those days a Mormon took another wife as easily and with as little expenditure of energy as an ordinary man would use in changing from his winter to his summer underwear. In the latter case, he looks meditatively at the sky, reads the weather forecast, consults the calendar, and it's done; in the former he has a revelation from Almighty, selects the woman, and marries her, willy-nilly. Before erasing our figures from the slate, we will use it further to show that while it may turn cold and frost this June, whereas it was warm and pleasant last June, so may this revelation prove troublous in fulfilling, whereas the last several wives were led as meekly to the temple as are the lambs to the slaughter.

Celia, devout and tractable as a Christian, efficient and cheerful as a housekeeper, well-favored and perfectly modeled as a woman, was still stubborn and hateful past belief in view of this revelation of the bishop's. While believing absolutely in the testimony of the golden plates of Nephi, and doubting not that the sainted Joe talked as intimately, with as little reserve of fact as you would use in talking to the tax collector, she doubted that the bishop's revelation had come from the Lord. She was almost blasphemous in her language. She said that the bishop had more wives now than was allowed by the Covenant, and that she would die sooner than be sealed to him; besides, she said, he was as old as the hills and as ugly as time, and

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she hated him. While she knew much better than to say so, even as she would storm at the bishop, her eyes would soften and she would cuddle the hand that had lain in the boy's rough palm against her soft, pink cheek, and say in her heart that she loved another even as she hated the bishop, and because her heart taught her she knew that no such evil thing could come from a pure God, and she defied them with as little fear as success. For she was married to the bishop.

* * * * *

This is a chapter in the life of Celia which was hard to live and is hard to write about. The night before the bishop had had his revelation she had gone to bed with the sweet, innocent dreams of a child; a fortnight later she was a woman, from whom the shield of youth had been ruthlessly torn and whose ideals had been broken and thrown at her feet. She was like the bud of a flower whose protecting leaves had been forced open by rude hands that cruel eyes might look into its guarded heart. Oh! life was hard for Celia, as for many another fair girl whose spirit was broken on the wheel of that atrocious dogmatism. So white and wan did she look the day after the ceremony in the temple that her father sought the groom with a troubled brow. "Give her a little leeway, bishop," he said. "She is young and headstrong. Be patient."

But the bishop shook his head. "I've tried both ways," he said, "and I find it saves bother to show your authority first out. The sooner a woman learns that her whims are useless, the sooner she quits having them. Your girl is pouting over that young Gentile whelp, and if she don't stop he'll leave Zion."

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And with this the father had to acquiesce, albeit that the blood pump in his body, which in another man would have been a heart, felt somewhat heavy when he bade the girl good-by.

* * * * *

To outward seeming Celia was soon subdued, but even "as a hart panteth after the water brooks," so did this child yearn for the sound of the boy's eager voice, the touch of his strong young hand, and the glance of his honest blue eyes. As for the lad, the sun of his life had gone down when the girl was married to the bishop. He decided, as boys of twenty sometimes will, to spend what remained of his white young life sacred to the memory of the girl he loved. He went often to the cañon and brooded over the places they had been together. One day, sitting with his boyish head bowed on a flat white rock that Celia had once called her center-table, he was roused by a touch on his shoulder, slight and hesitant, as if a bird had lit thereon. Looking up he saw Celia. Near as she was to him physically, so great a change had the last few weeks made in her that spiritually she seemed farther from him than she had ever been before. He looked at her in bewilderment; then, noting the hollows in her cheeks, and the dark rings under her eyes, a wave of pity for her surged over him, and he held out his hand to her and asked: "Is he mean to you, Celie?"

"He says he is good to me," she answered, with a hard little laugh. "He hasn't hit me yet, and he does Bertha."

"Hit you?" the boy gasped. "Oh, Celie, I—I can't stand that. I can't. Listen to me. I have got pa to

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buy that piece of land next the bishop; we will move out next week, and then I'll keep watch of the house, and if he should be—be mean to you"—he stopped and knit his brows in thought, then added presently—"I'll get a bell and hide it under your well-curb to-night; you get it in the morning and keep it by you; you can stuff something in the clapper and carry it in your pocket; then if you need me, ring it, and I'll come. Promise."

The girl promised, but without hope. "You couldn't help me," she said tearfully.

"Yes, I could. Keep your promise, and I'll hear the bell."

The girl promised again, and the next morning she pressed a little bell to her lips, but she didn't ring it, although—but we said before that some things are hard to write.

* * * * *

The Gentiles moved on to the land, but were directly served with a notice, headed by the sixth and seventh verses from the fourteenth chapter of the Book of Revelation, and written underneath a clumsily worded order to vacate the property by the command of and at the price offered by the church, or beware the wrath of the "Avenging Angel." Now, the avenging angel is so apt to take on earthly form and ammunition in argument that it is much better, if you get a notice of this sort, to yield at once, else you see it avenged. So in those days it was best to give the "angel" whatever some avaricious old Mormon wanted, first as last. But these Gentiles refused to do this, and sent to Washington for authority to keep what they had bought. That was at the time that scandal was beginning to come

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thick and fast in Zion, and the saints withdrew their "claim" to the property, having found that there is more than one way.

The Gentiles did not move, neither did they prosper. The family would have been glad to have gone had Ross, who was their main support, allowed them to do so. He would not leave Utah, or, as years went on, the place, except in cases of real necessity. He stayed always near enough so that he could hear the tinkle of a bell. His parents died, and his brothers and sisters married and moved away, but he still stayed on. On the other side of the high board fence was a woman, pale and sad-eyed, who might one day need him, and he waited for her summons.

As years passed, Progress found her way over the mountains and across the desert, and in her wake came a gleam of hope for the women of Zion. Of course, there were many of those who did not know that she had come—among these was Celia—but the bishop knew, and the knowledge that what they had most feared was about to come upon them, and the new fear of the law, made him more hard and cruel to his wives and children.

* * * * *

It clearly behooved every daughter of Zion to put forth every effort to increase the Mormon population, and the bishop, after an impassioned speech in meeting, in which he urged that every mother's daughter over the age of fourteen be given at once into wedlock,* was reminded forcibly that he had a daughter of his

*Actual utterance by a bishop in Salt Lake Tabernacle last November.

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own, by his wife Celia, who was past that age and still single. Celia's daughter looked much as her mother had done at her age, and, much as her father had done on the former occasion, another noble old man offered to take her to wife. The bishop went with him to Celia's home, and arbitrarily ordered his daughter to make ready to marry him. The girl, trembling with fear, ran to her mother. "Oh, mama," she sobbed. "Don't let them take me. I—I hate him."

Celia looked at the bishop. "Are you going to insist on this?" she asked very quietly. The bishop nodded emphatically. Then, suddenly, they were startled by the loud ringing of a bell, which Celia held aloft in her hand. No one knew where she had gotten it or why she was ringing it, and before they had time to ask, or before its last vibration had died away, the door burst open and a man stood before them. He had lived next door to them for years, but the bishop did not know him. He was near-sighted and half-frightened out of his wits, and he thought that it was the law at last, and, fast as his shaking old legs would carry him he ran, followed by the would-be bridegroom, out of the house, out of the yard, on and on, and was not seen for many a day. They hid—but if you wonder where or how, ask some one who knows what is underneath the temple at Logan.

IX.

THE SINS OF THE FATHER.

I, the Lord, thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate Me.—Exod. v. 20.

Therefore, cease from all your light speeches; from all your laughter; from all your lustful desires; from all your pride and lightmindedness; from all your wicked doings.—Sec. 28, verse 121, Doctrine and Covenants.

But I have commanded you to bring up your children in light and truth.—Sec. 93, verse 40, Doctrine and Covenants.

Now, behold, the nobleman, the lord of the vineyard, called upon his servants and said unto them: "Why! what is the cause of this great evil?"—Sec. 121, verse 52, Doctrine and Covenants.

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Dearly beloved, we are together to talk of a grave subject; we are going to talk about the coming generation of citizens in the State of Utah. We are going to consider the children who go to our schools, who are on our streets, the children whom we see in our public parks, the children whom we hear in our juvenile courts; and we are going to ask what are the conditions of these children's lives, where they were born, and in what environment have they lived that they should bring the red blush of shame to our faces. What of these children?

A zealous, long-whiskered elder called at our house one day with a book called "The Defense of the Faith."

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We asked him why the faith needed defending, and he answered, "Because of the prevailing prejudice against polygamy."

"Does that need defending?" we asked. He considered, and aimed, with the accuracy of long practise, at the cuspidor before he replied: "Well—er—the fundamental argument in favor of polygamy is that it brings purer children into the world."

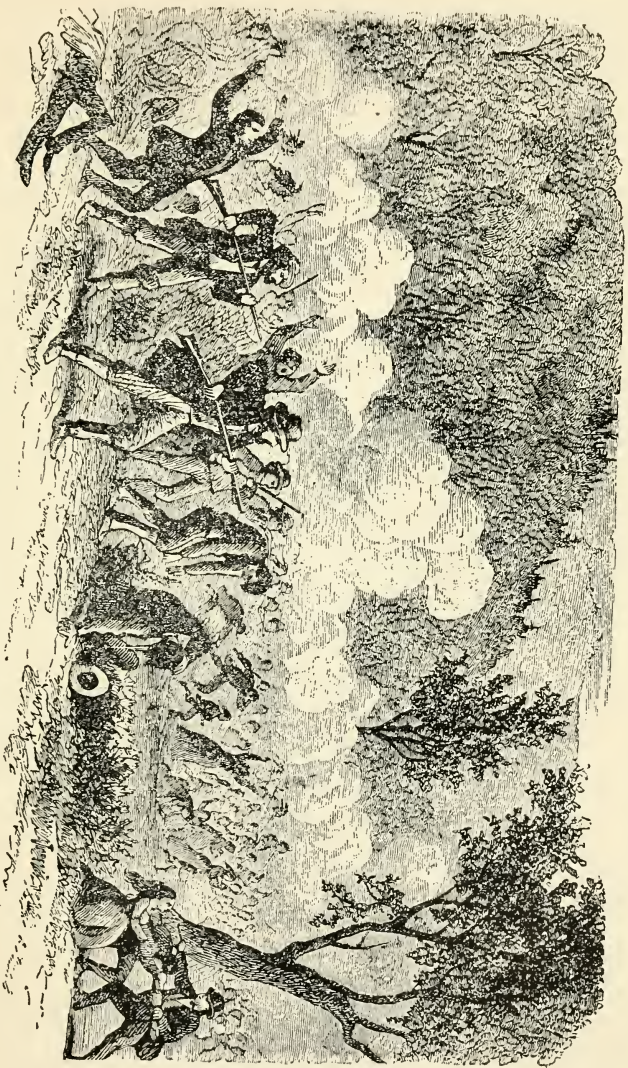
"And are the children of these plural wives more pure?" we asked, in a tell-me-more-about-God-Uncle-Tom voice.

To the credit of humanity and the book agent, the elder shifted his ground, and, instead of replying, brought forth another argument. "Well, you see," he began, "in the early days when we were led by the Spirit across the desert, and after many hardships and dangers reached the garden, we were threatened with massacre by the Indians."

"Wasn't there a massacre at Mountain Meadows?" we asked, still in our little-Eva voice. But again the good man disregarded the rising inflection in our tone, and continued: "As I was saying, there were so many Indians and so few saints that it was so—er—difficult to induce immigrants to come here——"

"Was the—er—experience at Mountain Meadows calculated to induce them to undertake the perils of the trip for a like reception?" we asked, as one seeking light.

"It was so hard to get people enough together for self-defense," the elder went on, and we discovered that he was quite deaf in his Mountain Meadows ear. "It was necessary for us to propagate ourselves for our own protection against the Indians."



THE MASSACRE AT MOUNTAIN MEADOWS.—Page 90.
(Reproduced from an old engraving.)

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"You mean," we asked, "that you brought the children into the world to protect you from the Indians?"

"That was one reason," he answered.

We figured mentally. It takes three-fourths of a year before a child is ready to claim its soul. We usually allow it a year in which to cut its front teeth and take its first wobbly, little steps; sometimes we have to allow even a month or two more to do this. Then it takes a little more time for it to clothe its thoughts with speech, and even after we substitute a string of spools for the rattlebox it takes some time for the muscles to harden sufficiently for a real effective use of the hatchet. It even takes some muscle to cock a gun. So figure as we would we could see that even with the most forward it would not be possible for the children to protect their parents under several years. Then suppose they should all have the measles at once! It certainly looked bad for the saints.

"But," we voiced our deductions, "weren't you afraid that the Indians would get tired resting on their tomahawks and come in and whet them on some of the elders before the children would be old enough to defend them?"

But even here the elder did not quite clear up the cloud of our ignorance by the sun of his wisdom. He only said that we could only trust in God and intimated that there was still a warmer place than Utah for those who had flaunted at religion. We felt bad because we had not flaunted; we had only inquired. Maybe it is logical to propagate for your own protection, but what of the children?

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We are going to tell you a little story. Perhaps we didn't "make it up"; we don't believe it is original, we think it was told us long, long ago; it may be you have heard it or dreamed it some day when you have perchance been alone in the foothills or by the river or in the forest where you have heard the song of some golden-throated bird singing to his mate. Maybe you remembered it some morning when you lifted up your eyes to the hills or above them to where the heavens declare the glory of God. Maybe it came to you in a strain of music, but we believe that you have heard it or dreamed it, the story of a man and a woman; the story of the foundation of a home; the story of little children being born with a heritage of honor, being taught the principle of right living, the sacredness of truth, and the sanctity of moral law. In that story we have heard or dreamed of mutual honor and respect. We know of a book that teaches children to honor their father and mother; we know of a book that tells parents to provoke not their children to wrath. And we are going to inquire how we can follow these two teachings either if we are polygamous parents or children, or if we can follow them and believe in that little story.

Suppose your father was the father of the children of five other wives, would you honor him? Suppose your mother was the mistress of five other men, would you honor her? Suppose your father had, say, twenty, or thirty, or forty other children to claim the protection of his parenthood, wouldn't it provoke you to wrath? What of these children? Do you think it makes purer children to defy the very first principles of right living? Does it make a child purer to send him out on

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the streets to sell papers as soon as he can fairly walk, because his father has so many wives and the wives have so many children that there is not bread for him to eat unless he helps earn it? Does it make him purer to be taught that he must not tell the truth about some things, and, in case he is asked, he must lie about his parents? Does that make him pure? Does it make him pure to go to meeting and hear one thing taught, and go home and see another thing practised? Does it make him pure to hear the jealousies, the back-bittings, and the rivalries between his mother and the other wives of his father; between his mother's children and theirs? You ask me if there are these jealousies, and I ask you if these wives are not women? You ask me if there is this deceit, and I ask you what the president of the church told the government and what he told his own people when he returned home? You ask me if they teach one thing and practise another, and I ask you to hear their sermons and investigate their lives. What of these children?

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Do you know that in Salt Lake City there are houses with secret rooms, with sealed doors in the walls, with trap-doors in the floors, which, when you open them, reveal a flight of steps which descend to an underground apartment? I can give you the street and number of such houses. Why were they built and what of the children that are born in such houses? Do you know what language some of these children use on the public school grounds? Have you ever thought of the future of the boys and girls who at twelve and eleven, even at seven and six, have a repertoire of foul language, of

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obscene, perverted knowledge, who lie as the sparks fly upward? What of these children and of their State and their country? Whose fault is it, and for whose sins are they suffering?

We asked one sad-eyed, stoop-shouldered old Mormon woman, who, after having borne a dozen children, was earning her bread by washing, what she thought of polygamy. She wiped the suds off her hands and the sweat out of her eyes before she replied slowly, as though weighing every word: "Well, I suppose it has to be. You see, there are seven women in the world to where there is one man, and, you see, heaven ain't open to a woman if she is barren, so, of course, God meant every woman to have children, because so many women would be lost if the men didn't live with more than one."

"Do you think that is true?" we asked.

"Why, ain't it?" she asked, as astonished as though we had told her the stars had fallen.

"No," we said, "it's a lie."

"But"—she plaited her apron and knitted her brow in bewilderment—"it must be true because science says so, and—and God said so, too."

"Who told you so?" we demanded.

"Bishop," she replied. And so long as bishop can make them believe his interpretation of science and of God so long will he have a halter around the necks of the women of his ward. As for the men—the bishop's teaching takes away the curb of decency and makes a virtue of licentiousness.

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A woman in our ward fell ill last winter, and it came to the ears of her neighbors that she and her children were without food or fuel. We took some of our Saturday baking and went over to see her. She was in bed in a room destitute of comfort or order. Four little children, the eldest a boy of eight, and the youngest a baby of two years of age, were huddled around a rusted stove in which smoked and smoldered a meager fire of damp sticks, which was the only antidote to the chill of the desolate adobe shack. The children were ragged and dirty past belief, and, judging from the avidity with which they devoured the food we set on the table, were half-starved. There was an older girl, a hollow-eyed, tubercular child of fourteen, who was out working for a living until she had fallen ill several weeks before. We asked her where the children's father was, and she told us that he had gone on a mission. She went on to say that she and her brother were to send him \$5 a month. The brother had been out of work all winter, and, what with the tithing and sending the money to her husband, and the slow pay and small washings of some of her customers, she had not been able to save any money. Some women are so shockingly extravagant!

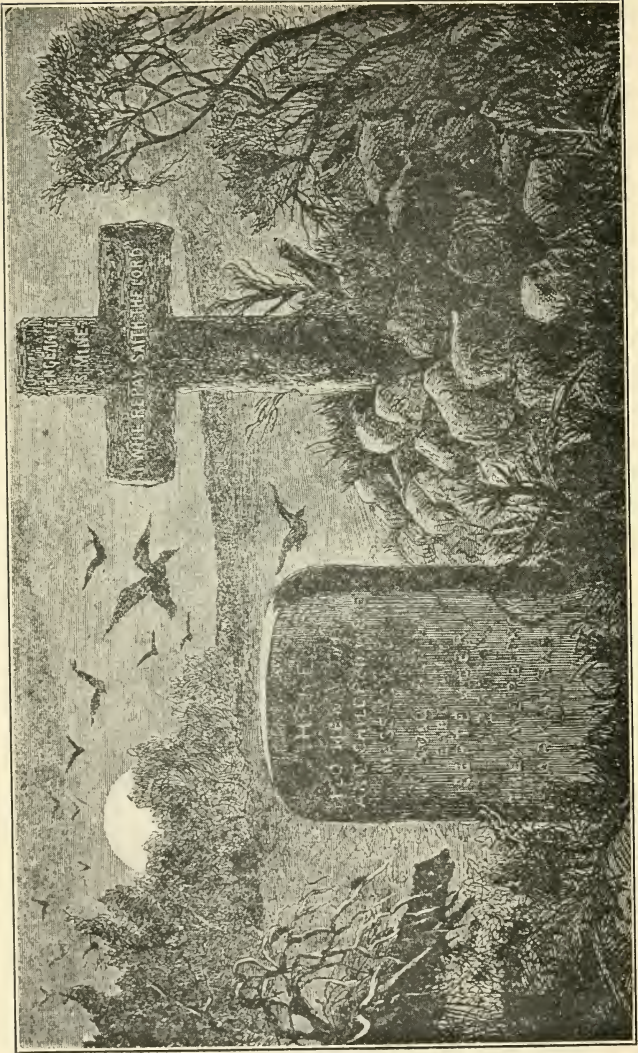
She made a pretense of religious fervor, and said, with a sanctimonious whine, that Christ was sufficient for her. We looked at the children, all of whom, including the baby, were "pawing" into the lemon pie which one of the neighbors had contributed. We took note of their hungry, chalky faces, their crafty, shifting eyes, and cried out in the bitterness of our hearts: "He is not sufficient to feed and clothe your children."

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“Oh, well,” she said easily, “they’ll soon be out from under foot.” What of them then?

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Is there anywhere under the vault of heaven more need of missionaries than in the State of Utah? Are there any vines in the vineyard of the Lord more filled with poisoned branches than are on this prolific tree of Mormonism? Who needs the teaching of Christ more than the children of this alleged religion? Who needs saving if not the children whose pre-natal influence was of oppression, licentiousness, and perverted law? The black sins of the fathers of polygamy are being visited upon the children, upon the State, and upon the country, verily unto the third and fourth generation. Confronted with this problem, we can only bow our heads and say humbly: “Lead, kindly light,” away from the “cause of this great evil.” Let us pray for the children of Utah.



MOUNTAIN MEADOWS AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

X.

THE HORNET'S NEST.

Moreover the Lord thy God will send the hornet among them, until they that are left and hide themselves from thee, be destroyed.—Deut. xx. 7.

I have not written any little idyls of Mormon life and love for two weeks, and I'll tell you why: I have been horribly frightened; I actually thought that I would get the death endowment, and that the only way in which I could communicate with the Mormons would be the unsatisfactory one of tipping the table or "rapping" on some elder's bald spot. I have had grave reason to doubt that I would be allowed in the garden until the last day, and it looked like I might go as chaff at any time, and all because of these same little idyls. In fact, one good Christian lady did intimate that, had I so presumed to meddle with the holy of holies a few years ago—well, I wouldn't of dast, that's all. I came up against a regular head-on collision; it seems that every last thing I had told was like unto a shoe, which pinched some sainted foot, and that it was all laid up agin' me. I have waited as long as I dared for a revelation in the matter, but as nothing has revealed so far, I have decided to act on my own accord and make such retractions and amends as seem to be necessary.

Speaking of revelations, you know how the bishop does over at Huntsville? Well, he waits and keeps

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the town waiting until he gets a revelation from Almighty to see if it is right to mend the hole in the sidewalk before it breaks any more legs, or whether they had better put the money it would take into improving the meeting-house. As nearly as one can judge, the town is always on the *qui vive* for a revelation as to what it should do, and, in the meantime, trims its nails, and whittles, and kills time as best it can, until the bishop throws some light on the divine will as to what they should busy themselves at. Some people seem to think that this is detrimental to the town, but it seems to me that if these people really believed that these revelations were due from the Almighty Power, really, truly, that they would not laugh or fret at their delay. I doubt that they do, just as I doubt that they believe that Christ is coming in a few short years. If it should be true, and if the stone one of the saints stumbled over in the center of the earth does mean the fulfilment of a prophecy, and that the days before the day of judgment are numbered, are the saints all ready for a short-notice ascension? I am afraid that some of them are figuring on Christ wearing blinders when He does come, but I promised to retract, didn't I?

I can't say that any of the statements made in my offending article are not true; they are all from actual, every-day "garden of Eden" life, and as I made solemn covenant with the editor to do, I have verified every statement before publishing it as a fact, but since by so writing I have lacerated the feelings of a number of good people, I will gladly make what changes I can; turn out the green and put on the rose lights, so to speak.

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I felt, in the beginning, that since the church publicly denounced polygamy and discountenanced its practise—since the manifesto (which, by the way, seems to be a movable feast) that as an organization it would be grateful to me for sort of hunting up these people and calling attention to the fact that its president was betraying their trust. You see, I thought that maybe they were so busy collecting the tithing and one thing and another that they would be glad to have me do it, but they don't seem to be: they all seem to want to leave the black covering over that little issue undisturbed. Besides, whose business is it, anyway? I should have been more modest, too, than to have alluded to some things, because by so doing I have shocked some of the older saints who are not accustomed to living with more than a dozen wives at once, and think it isn't nice to speak of some subjects. St. Paul said something about women keeping silent, and the idea sorter clings to some of these latter-day prophets.

Since coming to Utah I have met some splendid people who are Mormons. I am proud to count some of these as my friends; among them are sincere, earnest, Christian men and women, who to know is to respect and love. These articles are not in any way concerned with these people, who should, if they cared to investigate the truth, which they could almost read as they run, about some of the earthly practises of the divine (so-called) law, cooperate with me in bringing to the light those things of which they cannot but disapprove.

Now, about some of those promised retractions: The elder did not wear his beard for a shirt-front, or grow

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it to use as a cuspidor ; he wears it for an ornament, but since, like the poor, it is always with him, and a cuspidor isn't (while the need for one is), well, the beard is more in the nature of a catch-all—so I will take that back.

About that woman who took poison: I cannot retract the statement that she took it, because she did, but it may be that she liked poison, and took it for that reason, instead of the one inferred—because her husband had a faculty of bringing home other wives, now and again.

Then, too, I was severely called down for mentioning that godless old Gentile who had his ears cut off by the saints. I can't say that he didn't have his ears trimmed, because, you see, they show it so plain; but, then, it may be that he didn't really need ears, anyway.

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Again, I offended the woman whose husband was on a mission to Australia. She said her children never pawed no pie, and so I must correct that. They might not have been so hungry, it might have been curiosity to see what a pie would look like. Now that she is well and able to wash again, and make money, she says that Christ ain't sufficient for all her needs. Anyway, she is mad at me, and sent back all my jelly glasses, as much as to say that it is all off between us.

That story about Sylvia and grandma. Now, the girl's name isn't Sylvia at all, but she did come from Australia, and, bless your heart, if every one didn't seem to know about it before I told them! And they say that I hadn't ought to have put it in print; it isn't a nice story, not good reading for young girls. I own

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right up that it is not, but if only one girl read it and was made a little more wise thereby, then I am glad it was told, and printed. I can't retract any of that, excepting that the bishop provided for her—he did, a little while—but she is now working for her own and her little child's board and \$8 a month.

But nothing, in all that I have written, seems to have offended so many people and to have fitted so many feet as the little tale called the "Sins of the Father." I got that name from the Bible, too. Sad as it makes me feel to say so, I can't amend any statement made therein. I have tried it from different viewpoints, and studied the matter under different lights, but I cannot make any difference in the blackness of the situation. I cannot see it in any light but sinful, wicked, abhorrent.

I had occasion to hire a boy of sixteen a few days ago to assist me. I was interested to learn what he thought of the youth in Utah. This boy, who seemed a nice lad, is the son of a fifth wife; he has younger brothers and sisters, and his father has a younger wife than his mother. They must both have been very young for matrimony before the manifesto, I judge. I asked this boy what he thought of polygamy.

"I don't know," he said.

"Does the church know it is being practised now?" I asked.

He hesitated. "Well, they let on they don't; but they don't say nothing against it to the people who do live that way."

"But what do you think of it?" I asked again.

"I don't know much else," he said; then added fiercely: "I think it is awful. I aim to get out of this place

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this fall. I am going to the coast, and when I get started I am going to send for my mother. She has to work awful hard here."

"Don't your father provide for her?"

"I should say not. He ain't done nothing for us since he was married the last time. It keeps him humping to provide for his last wife and her kids."

I have no words that will express the bitterness in that boy's tone. He went on: "I can't get ahead none here. I work all the time, but I am taxed for something all the time; this week it is \$3 for repairs on the meeting-house, and every week it's tithing. I never see any good of what I earn."

* * * * *

I agreed that the faith did seem a bit expensive, but good things come high everywhere.

"Do you think the children in Utah are good or bad?"

"Rotten," he said emphatically. "There was a woman wrote a piece in the *Salt Lake Tribune* about the school kids here. It wasn't half strong enough. But you can't expect so much of the children; I know some girls here that their own father ruined."

"But that is a terrible crime," I said. "A man gets a life sentence for that."

"Not here," the boy asserted. "This man only got six months."

I remembered coming through Walla Walla, where the State prison of Washington is situated, a year ago this autumn. Our train stopped opposite the prison, and the sheriff of Colfax got off, and led a handcuffed man slowly up the path to the iron gates. It was nearing sunset, and the red reflection of the setting sun

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shone on the gray walls of the prison and glinted from the barred windows. Somebody said that the man was to be committed for life, and a murmur of sympathy ran through the car, until it was whispered from seat to seat the nature of the crime for which he was giving up the liberty of the remainder of his life—the same crime as men in Utah are sentenced to six months for—and no one thought the life sentence severe enough.

Why is there this difference? Is not one reason that the State deals so gently with such crimes as the one above alluded to because the church started, and has always upheld, perversions of the moral law? Is not that one reason why Utah as a State is so accustomed to awful moral conditions that she gives such offenders six months, where her sister States give life sentences? I did not say it was, I asked you.

Is it another traceable result of polygamy? I believe I must close by saying that I am sore afraid that the sins of Utah to-day started many years ago with the sins of the fathers' polygamy. Good never yet came from evil.

XI.

WHAT CHRIST WOULD FIND IF HE CAME.

One woe is past; and behold there came two more hereafter.—Rev. ix. 12.

Brother Amos had dropped in to tea at Sister Loomis'. She always had hot scones and jam tart and cup cake at tea, and, shocking to tell, despite the Word of Wisdom, black tea. Brother Amos always told her the sin of this indulgence, the while he passed his cup to be refilled; he always said that he feared he would have a headache, so maybe he better drink it this time. As for Sister Loomis, she said that if a cup of tea would keep her out of the Kingdom, then she would stay out. She was an Englishwoman, and kept her native method of ministering to the body after she had accepted the Mormon custom of nourishing the spirit.

She had been persuaded to come to Zion, and, together with the rest of His chosen, await the second coming of Christ; she had a fancy that she would find them all fairly panting with eagerness for that day to dawn—they were, meeting-time, but after—well, they seemed about as anxious for the loaves and fishes as did the unredeemed. Sister Loomis was too British to see a joke, and so she puzzled over the condition in the antechamber. She asked Brother Amos about them

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while she dished the tea. Brother Amos answered her indirectly, in his prayer. He always prayed through his nose, under the impression, apparently, that a nasal tone was the best to carry upward. He reminded God of the promise that Christ was to come again, and soon, to confound the wicked; and asked, earnestly and nasally, that He would send that His followers have more faith, and would trust without question to those in authority, and to rely on the word of the anointed prophet. Sister Loomis felt rebuked, but, being English, she still wondered what the Lord Christ wanted of all the tithing collected in His name. He who had been a humble laborer of Galilee; and what He, whose name stands for purity, would think of certain things in Zion if He should come before "those in authority" would have time to close the back entrance.

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To tell the truth, Sister Loomis' faith had lacked the solidity of the mountain ever since she had taken in old lady Page, and, too, since her young daughter, Pearl, had quite refused to stay in of nights. Pearl had been a good girl in England; but here, her mother sickened with apprehension at the way she was "going on." Grandma Page had been on the hands of the relief society for some time; it gets tiresome, relieving the same person all the time, as every one knows, so Sister Loomis, being new and zealous, had been induced to give her a home—the need of one would be short. The old lady had long since outgrown her usefulness, and her husband, noble man, had taken a younger wife and moved away, so as not to be need-

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lessly annoyed by any silly claims this useless old woman might make on him. She was sort of annoying because she didn't seem especially grateful to the church for keeping her alive, or to Sister Loomis for giving her a home. She was wont to sit broodingly silent near the fire; she would seldom go to the table at meal-time, and often forgot to eat what Sister Loomis took to her. To-day, however, she seemed sort of "perked up," and interested in what they were saying. She hobbled over to the table and sat down, facing Brother Amos, but she spoke to Sister Loomis. Her voice sounded, some way, like the dry rustle of a sere leaf, and her face was the color of its last dun hue, before the snow covered its decay.

"Ye was askin' what Christ 'ud find if He come," she said. "I'd d'know what all He'd find, but if ye hark I'll tell ye a few things a-waitin' fer the cleansin' fire an' the flamin' sword that is promised in the Word."

She moistened her dry lips, and Brother Amos unctuously passed her a scone, which she waved aside with a gesture of her withered, fleshless hand.

"Saint Paul," reminded Brother Amos, who knew something of what she could tell if she were allowed to talk, "commanded that women keep silent in the sanctuary, and I take that to mean silent regarding those matters it is not given them to understand."

"The Bible says, too, that all men are liars," Sister Loomis said, with spirit. "And it don't say 'except Saint Paul,' either. Go on, grandma. You was sayin'?"

The old woman laughed, and her laugh sounded like the crackle of dried leaves, blown about by an adverse

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wind. "If ever the Mormons git a man-heaven," she said, "it will be full of tongueless women. I mind me when Brother Kimball used to speak of his wives as 'noisy heifers'; all is, though, he never treated 'em half so well. In them days, wives was plentier nor cattle, an' treated with less notice."

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Brother Amos, who had listened fidgetingly to this arraignment against some of his sainted leaders, succeeded in catching Sister Loomis' eye, and surreptitiously tapped his forehead and smiled meaningly. The old woman saw his gesture. Her eyes flamed as with an afterglow of an all but extinguished fire. "Funny an' strange it is that I ain't off here," she said, tapping her seamed old brow in exact imitation of his gesture, "but I ain't, and I never was. Trouble with me an' the Mormons was, I was always too sane fer 'em. I am yet. I sorter hang in with some of the women, because they are good and unhappy if they don't believe the fearful things you all teach, an' good an' crazy if they do; ain't no harm in 'em either way."

Sister Loomis pressed a saucer of cooled tea on the old woman, who balanced it with two tremulous hands and drank it gurglingly.

"I don't know as she should overdo talking," Brother Amos said, as he reached for a jam tart.

"'Twould be terrible for me to overdo," grandma retorted, with a sarcastic little echo of a laugh. "Ye mout need a dose o' bitters afore ye git through listenin' to me overdo. Is this a spring or a fall storm?" she asked of the younger woman, as a gust of wind rattled the windows and shook a handful of sodden

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leaves from the box elder-tree that shielded the house from the street.

"It is fall, grandma, don't you mind?"

"You see"—Brother Amos spoke with an assumption of pity—"poor grandma don't even mind the time o' day, or year."

"I do git forgetful of them little things," the old woman agreed, "but the big ones—them I remember, an' I am saving of 'em up to tell Christ when He comes."

"I don't know as you have aught against me," Brother Amos said, as though he had been accused.

"I have some things to recall agin' your kind," she answered with asperity. She allowed herself another saucerful of tea. "That was spring," she said, "during a spring rain."

Sister Loomis reached up on the clock-shelf and took down her knitting. Brother Amos shifted uneasily in his chair and cleared his throat. He wished he had the authority of Saint Paul and could command silence in the babbling sex. Such tales were not good for new, well-paying converts to hear. Whoever supposed that, after years of stupid silence, the old woman would take a notion to talk? But she was continuing, her cracked old voice was growing stronger as she continued speaking: "I was saying that it was springtime, an' that there was a storm, rattlin' the windows like this. I never hear that sound, or the creak of tree branches 'out I think on that night. The storm come up sudden and fierce, as though God A'mighty Himself was sending it in anger at their doin's." She fell silent a moment, and Brother Amos essayed a wink at Sister Loomis. "I wish," she

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spoke again presently, withdrawing her eyes with an effort from the open window, through which she saw the bared branches of the trees tossing in the dreary wind, "you'd pull down that window-shade. I seem to see the spirits of them that's gone, an' I am wont to fall to talkin' to them of things we knew an' remember, instead of to you—of things you never heard of, or hev forgot."

* * * * *

Sister Loomis lowered the shade.

"What things, grandma?" she asked.

"Things to do with them airy days, with my own husband an' our little girl—was her spirit I thought I saw then, in the wind, the yellow turn of a leaf seemed to grow into her shinin', silken hair. We never took stock in the Mormons; John, my man, was against them from the first. He was a schoolmaster, but he got lung fever, an' we thought to change country, an' homestead. We crossed the plains with a wagon. We had a terrible time; I can feel the heat of that desert sun on my head to this day; we run out of water, an' would 'a' left our bones bleachin' if we hadn't 'a' fell in with a train of Mormons. They agreed to take us with them if we would side in with their faith. Seemed a small enough thing to do then, but we never guessed—we never guessed what it meant when we promised—out there in that scorchin' desert path, to join in their ways. We got settled, an' one day here come the bishop, sayin' that he had had a revelation from A'mighty God to take me for his wife. John flared up awful. 'She is my lawful wife!' he yells, 'an' you are a liar.' He went then, mutterin'. Next night two men called an' warned John not to go agin' God's wish.

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He laughed at them, an' they went. Next day there was a number writ in the sand in our dooryard, the next it was on our door, an' every day as sure as mornin' came we saw the number. My little girl would point it out with her finger and laugh. Laugh! Dear God! One evenin', drawin' on dusk, a officer came in, an', showing his badge, says to John, 'I arrest ye in the name of the law.' 'What for?' asked John, wonderin', fer if ever a man was law-abidin' it was him. 'Fer stealin' sheep,' he says. 'We found 'em in your paster.' 'That's a lie!' John yells. 'I just come from the paster an' there weren't no sheep there.' For answer the man opened the back door an' pointed out, an' there, sure enough, we could see a little bunch of sheep huddled together in our paster. 'There may be a mistake,' the officer says. 'an' if there be, it will be as easy as rollin' down hill fer ye to git off, but until it can be straightened out——' He put his hand on John's shoulder, an' I, knowin' what it meant, put my arm around him an' begun to cry. Officer seemed sorter put out, an' he says, says he, 'Now, looky here, Brother Page, I don't believe you stole them sheep: I hate to lock ye up, I do so; but ye have been a leetle stiff-necked with the church, an' it may be a bit of disciplin' ye need. Them sheep bein' stole, an' bein' found on your land so, makes it look queer, but I'm soft-hearted, I am,' he says, sorter smackin' his lips. 'and I'll tell ye what I'll do: I'll leave the window of the jail unbarred—by mistake,' winkin' at me, 'an' when it gits dark, you make your escape. Do you see?' We didn't see, and John said so, but the officer said, 'Waal, I will of done my dooty, arrestin' of you, an' the authorities will be so dumfounded at their own careless-

WHAT CHRIST WOULD FIND.

ness in leavin' the window unbarred, as they will suppose, that, chances is, nothin' more'll be said to you.' Of course, there was no other way but for John to go, an' I, in spite of the officer's fair words, felt such a sick feelin' of dread that I took my little girl an' followed close behind them. I stole up as close as I could, an' hid in a clump of bushes just outside the jail. I saw a light flare up, an' John an' the officer movin' around in the cell; I saw the officer fumblin' with the window; then John tried it, an' turnin' around, glad-like, an' shakin' hands with the officer. Then we waited. Night came on, an' a chill wind began to blow, the trees moaned like they do to-night, an' I kept hearin' a sound like the breathin' of excited people, but I allowed that it must be my own heart I heard. Kitty clung clost to me, an' I lulled her to sleep; then, finally, Mormonism—Twenty Four

..
after a long time, I see John come to the window an' look all around, then raise it slowly, an' put out his head, an' then—an' then—he started to climb out, an' —an'——”

She took to trembling so violently that she could not speak, her weak, quivering chin dropped. Pearl, who had come in unobserved during the old lady's monologue, ran to her and put her strong young arm around the bowed old shoulders. Sister Loomis hastily poured a bit of liquor in a cup and gave it to her.

“You see,” Brother Amos said, “I warned you against allowing her to talk.”

The old lady gave him a half-smile, full of meaning, and in a moment continued speaking in a controlled voice. “Then a number of men ran out, from all around the bushes near where we was hid, an'—

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an'—murdered him there in cold blood, before my very eyes."

"Oh!" the girl cried out, shuddering. "Don't!"

"You see," Brother Amos said, "I suppose they thought he was breakin' jail."

"You hush," the old woman hissed. He hushed. "He was betrayed, murdered, by the same low treachery that has lured many a man an' woman to their death. I ran to him, fightin' my way through that pack of wild beasts that A'mighty had made a mistake an' put in the form o' men; they was hackin' his dear body in the sign o' the four (if ye don't know what that is, Brother Amos here can tell ye)."

There was another palpitating silence before she could gather strength to go on: "An' then, when they had him mutilated they took him an' me an' my little girl an' locked us in a room together. I begged—oh, God! how I begged!—that they wouldn't make my baby look at that terrible, bleeding thing that had been her father, but they pushed right up to him, an' her, nothin' but a baby who had known nothin' but lovin' looks an' fair words all her life. They told her an' me to look until we had learned what happened to them as went agin' the law of the church. I don't know how long we was locked up; I hev lost all count. Next I remember, I was at bishop's house; one of his wives was carin' for me, I was like a infant. When I asked for Kitty, they told me that she was dead. I never knew if that was true, if they had killed her, or if some fiend had stole her away. The bishop had his way an' married me. I—I reckon it must have been a long time ago."

She held one withered hand up before her eyes, and

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looked at it closely. "I must be very old," she said musingly. "I hev waited from youth on to now, to see that day dawn when A'mighty God would fulfil His promise." Slow and solemn as a benediction she pronounced the last words of her story: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. I will repay."

The wind, grown more boisterous, tore madly round the house. The fire flared up on the hearth and illuminated the strangely contrasted faces in the little group in Sister Loomis' dining-room. The old woman, exhausted, had fallen asleep in her chair. Sister Loomis pointed a dramatic finger at her unconscious form. "If Christ should come He would find such as she," she said.

"And such as me," the girl half-moaned.

"You, Pearl?" her mother asked; she looked at her and hid her face in her apron.

"Every one here seems the same," the girl said desperately. "They don't think like we did in England about things. It—it was a missionary himself who—who told me that God did not side in with the law of the wicked Gentiles; but because they persecuted us so, we had to keep our sacred love a secret; then, when I told him I must tell you, he—he laughed at me, an' said he had a wife, an' that if I told, they would send us both to jail. Don't look at me like that, mother. I never wanted to leave our church or England, and it was you who made me trust the Mormons. I didn't think a Mormon missionary would lie. There are plenty of girls like me, and I can tell you things you never dreamed of. I know a boy right here in Ogden, who is a father, and he ain't sixteen. I know a little girl who has had two babies, an' she ain't fifteen, and

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she ain't married. Oh, I can tell things! If Christ does come, He will find old women like her, and young ones like me, and boys and girls like I tell you about, and"—turning fiercely on Brother Amos, "worse than all, men like you!"

Brother Amos left. He not only feared a headache, but he had one. He felt timid, too, and the wavering shadows of the trees and the moaning sigh of the wind seemed replete with terrible meaning. He stood still. Was it the wind, or was it a woman's cry? He shuddered with terror.

If Christ comes, He will find many as guilty a conscience as Brother Amos'.

XII.

A LITTLE STORY OF THE RISE OF THE MORMONS.

The writer of these little idyls of the Mormons has been severely criticized, even threatened, about the use of the word authentic, which has been used in reference to the published work. As long as they were written as fiction, said a saint, then they could not injure the church (the rock upon which it was built seems to have been set in quicksand, anyway), but as truth! If the writer escaped civil punishment, she would be sure to have celestial chastisement meted out for so daring to reveal to a gaping world some of the sacred secrets of an alleged religion.

The stories published heretofore are not strictly verbatim testimony, and in a sense are not absolutely authentic, and it is the present purpose of the writer to tell why. The actual, authentic, provable facts that have been investigated for the purpose of putting certain phases of the saints' doctrine in the form of stories were in every instance too horrible, too blasphemous, too obscene, to be artistically available for the purpose for which they were written. They are not, then, authentic in so much as a veil of decency has perforce been drawn over the hideousness of the undraped facts. For example, in the story which will give the book its name, the impression is left that after the

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agonizing prayer in the mountain height, when, as she felt, the Mormon woman drew near to God, that her supplication was heard, and that the second wife was, as she had begged, treated as a daughter. Any one familiar with the teaching and practise of the Mormons would know that such an ending would never actually have occurred, but it would have been too ribald to have written, as was the fact, that less than a year after his promise to his first wife, he had a child by the adopted daughter. It would not be decent to tell about that revelation of the halo surrounding Brigham, that, before it was "called in," resulted in dozens of little graves so placed in the cemetery that they can be told on that last day, from the ones born in what they paraphrase wedlock. Just how these children were brought into the world, and why they all died in infancy, would not do, artistically, to have told, any more than it would do, verbatim, to tell why one of the old "teachers" said that their work was easier now than it was before the manifesto; it wouldn't do to tell, word for word, the reason why a certain polygamous wife stood at her doorway with an axe in her hand for days, or why certain little girls are invalids that are being cared for by a mission that the writer wots of.

* * * * *

Just here I am minded to tell a little story about that wonderful, mysterious manuscript that stands as a particular star to guide the brotherhood of saints. We are told, whenever we go through the tabernacle, that the Mormons are a remnant of the lost tribe referred to in the Scriptures. They have been lost all

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right, but, as nearly as can be judged, have never been found; as for the remnant part—that's all right, too, only that they have been marked down until it were cheaper to leave them than to take them, even if one got a bonus for so doing. But about that sacred manuscript, portions of which were revealed as fast as it was thought that the spiritual bread contained therein could be digested. Did you ever wonder where that manuscript came from?

The writer met a very old lady recently, who told the following story. If it should be true, as she thinks it is, then for those who have placed the hope of their soul's salvation on the testimony translated from that ancient, mysterious writing, it would be to laugh. "Blessed," says the Bible, "are they who can believe without seeing;" and the Mormons seem to have been blessed (or cursed) insomuch as they have believed without thinking, for, if they thought—they wouldn't be Mormons.

Many years ago, in Illinois, lived a family whom we will now call Smith. They were hard-shelled Presbyterians. The father was noted as a Bible student, and, as he had served as a missionary to the Indians and made himself thoroughly conversant with their fantastic legends and customs, was counted a man of great learning, and so authoritative that all denominations came to him to settle doctrinal disputes. He had a large family, which he ruled with the Bible and a rod. They all went in for learning, and the eldest boys were sent to an academy, and there fell in with a young Bible student named Ransom Dunn, who afterward became a famous preacher. As this young man was weak alike on funds and book learning, an arrangement

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was made whereby he was to stay in the family and exchange chores for such teaching as Mr. Smith and his sons could give him. About this time, however, the health of the older man failed, and, realizing from the nature of his malady that he would have very little more time to live, he spent almost all his time in writing. One day he took a big roll of manuscript, closely written, and tied about with leather thongs, to his wife and told her that there was written on those pages that which, if given into the right hands, would keep her from the almshouse after he was gone.

She put it carefully away in a bureau drawer and thought no more about it until the following winter. The evenings being long and often dull, she brought it out and bade the young men read it and see if they could discover therein anything that would bring in money in case the wolf got too clamorous at the door.

They began reading aloud, with many stops for argument and much searching of the Bible for the authority for some startling facts.

Some of these they traced to the book and others to the Indian legends. It was very interesting, and the younger children often sat up late at night to listen to the reading and the discussions of the new religion outlined in the writing of their father.

* * * * *

This same winter, near the "breaking up" of the spring, there came to this hamlet a young man named Joseph Smith, who said he was a prophet of God. Now, these young men went to see him, and being, as has been stated, somewhat long on learning, told the prophet that he needed a little more educating. It is

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said that he and some of his followers were told the story of the wonderful manuscript then in their possession, and that the prophet went to their home and they to his little meeting-house, built on planks across the creek, as no one was willing to allow the new religion to be taught on his soil.

Spring opened and with its budding came the annual need of cleaning house. When the widow went to clear out the bureau, in one of the drawers of which was kept the manuscript, it was gone! They hunted both high and low; they minutely questioned each of the thirteen children, they asked the young man named Ransom Dunn and the prophet called Joseph Smith, but no trace of it was ever found. That is, no trace of the original manuscript, but it is alleged by the one living member of that family, who now, at the age of ninety-seven, is awaiting her summons hence, that the manuscript was the same, and the doctrines found therein are identical with those which her father had written in whimsical mood the winter before his death, and that they are no more ancient than is the birth of that fantastic, irrational religion called Mormonism.

This old lady remembers the prophet very well. She recalls telling him that she would not want to go to a heaven reached by walking over women's hearts, and, she says, from the isle of memory drift snatches of conversation held between those people who are now only a name, and from that far-away isle she is carrying an impression to the shore of eternity that the church which calls itself the Latter-day Church of Jesus Christ stole a manuscript written by her father the winter before the prophet, Joseph Smith, came to Illinois.

XIII.

THE OATH OF VENGEANCE.

Mysteries of the Endowment House and Oath of Vengeance of the Mormon Church, as Testified to by Professor Walter Wolfe, Late of the B. Y. College at Logan, and the Whole Endowment Ceremony, as Sworn to by Him at Washington, on Wednesday, February 7, 1906, Before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, in Its Hearing in the Smoot Case.

On entering the annex to the Temple the candidate is ushered into a room on the right, where he presents his "recommend," which must be signed by his ward bishop and by the president of the stake from which he comes. With the presenting of his "recommend" he is expected to make a contribution toward the Temple services, although this is voluntary with him.

From this room he passes to another on the left, where he gives his records and receives the name of the one for whom he is to work in case he has no relation of his own whom he wishes to save.

The records being attended to, the prayer-room is next entered. About the walls of this room are the pictures of the president and apostles of the church. A raised stand at one end of the room accommodates



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those who preside and who instruct the candidates. Before entering the prayer-room the candidates remove their shoes. This is usually done in the long, covered passageway that leads from the annex to the Temple proper. The services are very simple, consisting usually of the singing of two hymns, some remarks, and prayer.

As soon as the exercises are finished, all proceed to the dressing-rooms, except those men who are to receive endowment for the dead. Those pass into the back part of the prayer-room, and some of the regular Temple workers go to each candidate, lay their hands on his head, and say: "Brother —, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and by the authority of the holy Melchisedec priesthood, I ordain you an elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for and in behalf of —, who is dead."

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

In the dressing-room all clothing is removed excepting the garments, and these are taken off and handed to one of the attendants as the candidate enters the bathtub. The man who attends to the washing rubs the head, the eyes, the ears, the mouth, the lips, the breast, the vitals, the loins, the legs, and the feet. This being done, the candidate leaves the tub, is hurriedly wiped dry, and then mounts a stool, where he is anointed with oil poured from a ram's horn, the same parts being anointed that were washed just previously. He then stands while a man places his garments over his shoulders, telling him that these garments are a pattern of those which the Lord gave to Adam in the Garden of Eden; telling him further that they must

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not be removed, and that they will prove a protection in time of danger. With the garments he whispers into the candidate's ear a new name—usually one taken from the Bible—and he is instructed never to reveal this name to any person except as it may be required at one point during the Temple ceremony. If he is working for the dead, he is informed that when he is through the Temple ceremony the name may be forgotten, as it is the property of the dead and not his own.

The candidate then goes back to the dressing-room, where he puts on a shirt and a pair of white pants; also white stockings. He carries with him a bundle containing robes, cape, sandals, and apron.

IN CREATION-ROOM.

He then goes to the creation-room, where the men are seated on the right, the women on the left. The delay here is long and tedious, as the walls are bare and the ceremony of washing and anointing takes a long time, if there happen to be more candidates.

At length the silence is broken, and a man enters a door in the front of the room dressed in white flannel and representing Elohim, the greatest of the Mormon deities. He makes the statement that any who wish to retire may do so; that everything which is heard and seen is to be kept a profound secret—that which has been already passed through as well as that which is to come. Seeing none who wish to retire, he continues:

“Brethren, you have been washed and pronounced clean; that is, clean from the blood and sins of this generation. You have been anointed that you may become kings and priests to our God and His Christ; not

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that you have been anointed kings and priests, but that you may become such; this will depend upon your faithfulness.

“You, sisters, have been washed and anointed that you may become queens and priestesses to your lords; that is, your husbands.

THREE VOICES HEARD.

“You will now hear three voices—Elohim, Jehovah, and Michael. Now, give your attention and hear what you shall hear.”

Elohim disappears, and immediately his voice is heard from a remote part of the adjacent room:

Elohim—Jehovah and Michael, there is matter unorganized. Let us go down and make a world like unto the other worlds we have created.

Jehovah and Michael—We will go down.

It is evident, then, that Elohim remains in the celestial world, while Jehovah and Michael have to do with the creation of this. The work is carried on in strict accordance with the account as given in Genesis. At the end of each day Jehovah says to Michael: “We will go down and report this, the labor of the —— day.” Michael replied: “We will return and report.” They then retire to the back part of the room and address Elohim, telling him what they have done, and get assigned their duties for the next day.

After the completion of the work, Elohim, Jehovah, and Michael enter through the door at which Elohim had entered before. Michael takes a chair, while Elohim and Jehovah stand on either side.

Elohim—See the earth that we have made. There is no man in it to till the ground.

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Jehovah—Let us make a man in our own image.

HE FALLS ASLEEP.

Elohim and Jehovah then pass their hands over Michael's body, breathe on him, and he falls asleep.

Elohim (to the audience)—This man who is being operated on is Michael. When he awakes he will have forgotten everything and become as a little child and will be known as Adam.

Whereupon Adam awakes.

Elohim—It is not good for man to be alone.

Jehovah—It is not good, for we are not alone.

Elohim—We will cause a deep sleep to fall upon Adam and make for him a woman to be with him.

The male part of the audience are then told to close their eyes, to imitate Adam's sleep. While Adam sleeps Eve enters and stands beside him. Elohim wakens Adam and says:

Elohim—Adam, see the woman we have created for you. What will you call her?

Adam—Eve.

Elohim—Why Eve?

Adam—Because she is the mother of all living.

Elohim (to Jehovah)—We will plant a garden eastward in Eden, and there we will put the man whom we have made.

Elohim (to the audience)—The brethren will now follow Adam, and the sisters will follow Eve.

IN GARDEN OF EDEN.

All go up one flight of stairs to the Garden of Eden. The sides of this wall are painted to represent a tropical scene, and birds and beasts seem to be at perfect

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peace with each other. At one end of the room is the altar, and behind this an elevator, on which the gods descend and ascend. Near the front and to the left of the altar as the audience faces it is the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.

Elohim and Jehovah are both present. Elohim addresses Adam:

Elohim—Adam, you see the garden we have planted for you. Of all the trees of the garden you may surely eat except the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. Now, be happy and enjoy yourselves. We go away, but we shall return.

Elohim and Jehovah then ascend in the elevator in sight of the audience.

Adam (to audience)—Now, brethren, calm your minds and be not surprised at anything you shall see or hear; we shall be visited soon.

Enter Devil, from back room, usually wearing a silk hat, carrying a cane, and having on a Masonic apron, with the pillars surmounted by the balls.

Devil—Adam, you have a nice world here, patterned after the world where we used to live.

Adam—I do not remember about any other world.

Devil—Oh, I see you have not got your eyes opened yet.

Goes to the tree, from which he pretends to pluck fruit, which he offers to Adam.

Devil—Here, Adam, take some of the fruit of this tree.

Adam—I shall not partake.

Devil—Oh, you won't, won't you? Well, we shall see. Eve, will you take some of this fruit?

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Eve—Who are you?

Devil—I am your brother.

Eve—You my brother, and come to tempt me to disobey my father?

Devil—I said nothing about father. This will open your eyes, and you will know good from evil, virtue from vice, etc.

Eve—Is there no other way?

Devil—There is not.

EVE TASTES THE FRUIT.

(Eve then tastes the fruit, and Adam approaches.)

Devil—Now go and get Adam to partake.

Eve—I know thee now; thou are Lucifer, who was cast out of heaven for his rebellion.

Devil—Oh, I see you are beginning to get your eyes opened already.

Eve—Adam, here is some of the fruit of that tree; it is very pleasant to the taste and very desirable.

Adam—I shall not partake. You know that father commanded us not to touch that tree.

Eve—Do you intend to obey all of father's commands?

Adam—Yes, all of them.

Eve—Well, our father commanded us to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth. Now I have partaken of the fruit and shall be cast out of the garden, while you remain a lone man in the garden.

Adam—Yes, I see. I will partake that man may be.

Devil (nodding his head)—Yes, that is right.

(Elohim appears.)

Elohim—Adam, where are thou? Adam, where are thou?

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ADAM CONCEALS HIMSELF.

(Adam, in the meantime, had conveniently concealed himself near the tree.)

Adam—I heard thy voice as I was walking in the garden, but I was ashamed because I was naked, and I hid myself.

Elohim—Who told thee that thou wast naked; hast thou eaten of the tree that I commanded thou shouldst not eat?

Adam—The woman that thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the fruit and I did eat.

Elohim—Eve, what have you been doing?

Eve—The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

Elohim—Lucifer, what have you been doing here?

Devil—Oh, the same as we have been doing in other worlds; I gave them some of the fruit to get their eyes open.

Elohim then curses Lucifer, who defies him by saying:

Devil—I will take the money and treasures of the earth and buy up popes and princes, armies and navies, and I will reign with blood and horror in the earth.

Elohim then drives the devil away, who goes out of the door at which he entered, shaking his fist and stamping his heels. Adam then turns to the audience and says:

Adam—In your bundles, brethren and sisters, you will each find an apron; please put it on.

When the request has been complied with, Elohim says:

Elohim—Let Adam be cast out of the garden, and a cherubim be placed with a flaming sword to keep the way of the tree of life.

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As the elevator rises with Elohim and Jehovah on it, a sword is waved through the curtain.

Eve now stands on Adam's left, and the first oath is administered by Adam.

One couple from the audience kneel at the altar to represent Adam and Eve, and all present participate in the ceremony. The audience stands, the right hand raised to the square.

FIRST OATH TAKEN.

"We and each of us solemnly bind ourselves that we will not reveal any of the secrets of the first token of the Aaronic priesthood, with its accompanying name, sign, or penalty. Should I do so, I agree that my throat may be cut from ear to ear, and my tongue torn out by its roots."

The name of this token is the new name of the candidate, which he received when he was given his garments.

Grip—The grip is very simple: Hands clasped, pressing the point of the knuckle of the index finger with the thumb.

Sign—In executing the sign of the penalty, the right hand, palm down, is placed across the body, so that the thumb comes directly under and a little behind the left ear. The hand is then drawn sharply to the right across the throat, the elbow standing out at a position of ninety degrees from the body, the hand is then dropped from the square to the side.

Adam—The brethren will now follow Adam, and the sisters will follow Eve.

IN DESOLATE WORLD.

The next room, the "lone and desolate world," has its

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walls painted with scenes very different from those of the Garden of Eden ; animals are fighting and the scene is one of chaos. At the end of the room is an altar, behind which stands Adam and Eve.

When Adam was cast out of the Garden of Eden he built an altar and called on the Lord, saying :

Adam—Oh, Lord, hear the words of my mouth ; oh, Lord, hear the words of my mouth ; oh, Lord, hear the words of my mouth.

As Adam speaks these words, he raises his hands, first high above his head, then to the square, then drops them to his side. The words used are : "Pale, Ale, Ale." We are told that in the pure Adamic language these words mean, "Oh, Lord, hear the words of my mouth." Adam, when asked why he is praying, replies that he does not know, only he has been so instructed.

(Lucifer enters.)

LUCIFER ON THE GROUND.

Devil—I hear you ; what do you want ?

Adam—Who are you ?

Devil—I am the god of this world.

Adam—Who made you the god of this world ?

Devil—I made myself. What is it you want ?

Adam—I was calling on father.

Devil—Oh, I see ; you want religion. I will have some preachers down here presently.

(Enter preacher.)

Parson (looking around)—You have a very fine congregation here.

Devil—Oh, are you a preacher ?

Parson—Yes.

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Devil—Ever been to college and studied the dead languages?

Parson—Why, certainly. No man can preach the gospel unless he has been to college and studied the dead languages.

Devil—If you will preach to this congregation and convert them, mind you, I will give you—let me see—four thousand dollars a year.

PARSON SINGS HYMN.

Parson—That is very little, but I will do the best I can.

The parson then opens a hymn-book and leads in a hymn, while the devil prances around with a complacent air. After the singing the parson turns to Adam and says:

Parson—Do you believe in the great spirit who dwells beyond the bounds of time and space, and sits on the top of a topless throne; who is so great that he can fill the universe, yet is so small that he can dwell in your heart, whose center is everywhere and whose circumference nowhere?

Adam—No; I do not believe a word of it.

Parson—I am very sorry for you. But perhaps you believe in hell, that great, bottomless pit, which is full of fire and brimstone, into which the wicked are cast, and where they are ever burning and yet never consumed?

Adam—No; I do not, and I am sorry for you.

The voices of the gods are now heard from an upper room.

Elohim (to Jehovah)—The man Adam seems to be true and faithful; let us send down to him Peter, James, and John.

THE OATH OF VENGEANCE.

Jehovah—That is good.

Elohim (to Peter, James, and John)—Go down to Adam, who seems to be a good and faithful man.

(Peter, James and John descend by a stairway at the rear of the room.)

Peter—Hello! What is going on here?

Devil—We are making religion.

Peter—What are you making it out of?

Devil—Newspapers, novels, and notions of men and women sugared over with a little religion.

Peter—How does it take with this congregation?

Devil—Pretty well, all except that man Adam; he does not believe anything.

Peter (to Adam)—Good morning.

Peter—(taking Adam's hand)—What is that?

Adam—The first token of the Aaronic priesthood.

Peter—Will you give it to me?

CANNOT GIVE TOKEN.

Adam—I cannot, for it is connected with my new name; but this is the same sign.

(Peter answers by the same sign.)

Adam—You are a true messenger of Father.

Peter—What do you think of the preaching of the parson this morning?

Adam—Why, he asked me if I believed in that Great Spirit who dwells beyond the bounds of time and space and sits on top of a topless throne; who is so great that he fills the universe, yet so small that he can dwell in your heart; whose center is everywhere and circumference nowhere. I told him I did not believe a word of it.

Peter—I do not blame you.

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Parson—Are you the apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ?

Peter—We are.

Parson (pointing to the Devil)—Why, he said that we were to have no more apostles, but if any man came along professing to be such, I was to ask them to cut off an arm or a leg, or some other member of the body, and stick it on again, just to show they had come with power.

Peter—A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh a sign. Do you know that man?

Parson—Certainly; he is a great gentleman, and stands at the head of all the religious denominations of to-day.

Peter—Why, that is Lucifer.

Parson—What! the Devil?

Peter—Yes, I believe that is one of his names. You should get out of his service and have a settlement with him.

Parson—If I get out of his service, what is to become of me?

Peter—Why, we will teach you the gospel in connection with the rest of the sons of Adam.

Parson—Well, that is good.

Parson (turning to the Devil)—Sir, is it not time we had a settlement?

Devil—Well, I will keep my word. I offered you four thousand dollars per year to convert this people, and, by what I can see, they have nearly converted you. Get out of my kingdom; I do not want such men in it.

PARSON RETIRES.

(The Parson then retires by a back door, while

THE OATH OF VENGEANCE.

Peter, James, and John ascend the stairs and report to Elohim the condition of the man Adam.)

Elohim—Peter, James, and John, go down again in your true characters and reveal to Adam the second token of the Aaronic priesthood, and place the robe upon his left shoulder.

(They descend.)

Peter—I am Peter.

James—I am James.

John—I am John.

Devil (scowling)—I thought I knew you.

Peter (to Devil)—Begone!

Devil—By whose authority?

Peter (raising his arm to the square)—In the name of Jesus Christ, my Master.

(The Devil disappears, scowling through the door where the minister had already disappeared.)

The robes are then taken from the bundles and put on the candidates, as well as the caps and sandals. Then the apron is replaced and the oath is administered to all, standing:

SECOND OATH ADMINISTERED.

“We, and each of us, do solemnly promise and bind ourselves never to reveal any of the secrets of this priesthood, with its accompanying name, sign, grip, or penalty. Should we do so, we agree that our breasts may be torn open, our hearts and vitals torn out and given to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field.”

Sign—The sign is made by extending the right hand across the left breast, directly over the heart; then drawing it rapidly from left to right, with the elbow at the square; then dropping the hand by the side.

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Name—The name is the given name of the candidate.

Grip—Clasp the right hand and place the thumb into the hollow of the knuckle, between the first and second fingers.

(Again the brethren follow Adam and the sisters Eve, and the Celestial-room is entered.)

IN CELESTIAL-ROOM.

This room is divided into two parts by white curtains, through which there are several openings. Some of these are simply openings for convenience, but others have a significance in which the candidates are afterward instructed, for it is through these curtains that the candidates must pass to gain their exaltation. In front of the curtains is a raised platform, some three or four steps above the general level, and on the platform the candidates wait, after their names have been called, until it is time for them to be admitted to the Sealing-rooms.

In front of the platform and on the general level there is an altar, at which the true order of prayer is taught. As soon as the candidates are seated, Elohim is heard speaking to Peter, James, and John.

Elohim—Go down to Adam and give him the first token of the Melchisedec priesthood, and place the robe upon the right shoulder.

They go down, and Peter instructs them in the changing of the robe.

After this, the following oath is administered to all, standing:

THIRD OATH.

“You, and each of you, do covenant and promise that

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you will never reveal any of the secrets of the priesthood, with its accompanying name, sign, and penalty. Should you do so, you agree that your body may be cut asunder and all your bowels gush out."

In this, the left hand is placed palm upright, directly in front of the body, there being a right angle formed at the elbow; the right hand, palm down, is placed under the elbow of the left; then drawn sharply across the bowels, and both hands are dropped at the side.

Name—The Son.

Sign—The sign is pressing with the forefinger and thumb the palm and back of the hand of the recipient of the Grip. This is called the "Sign of the Nail."

Peter, James, and John return to Elohim, report, and come back to the audience.

Peter—The brethren, all standing, will receive the second grip of the Melchidesecc priesthood.

Grip—Grasp right hands so that the little fingers are interlocked and the forefinger presses into the wrist.

(This is called the patriarchal grip or true sign of the nail.)

Tradition says that when the Savior was crucified the nail tore out the palm of his hand, so that they had to put another through the wrist.

It has its accompanying name and penalty, and here are given the three important obligations:

"LAW OF SACRIFICE."

Obligation.

Peter—You and each of you do covenant and promise that you will sacrifice your time, talents, and property to the upbuilding of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. All bow your heads and say yes.

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“LAW OF CHASTITY.”

To the Men.

Peter—You and each of you do covenant and promise that you will not have sexual intercourse with any other than your lawful wife or wives, who may be given you by the priesthood. All bow your heads and say yes.

To the Women.

Peter—You and each of you covenant and promise that you will not have sexual intercourse with any person of the opposite sex save those who may have been given you by the priesthood.

“LAW OF VENGEANCE.”

Peter—You and each of you covenant and agree that you will pray, and never cease to pray, Almighty God to avenge the blood of the prophets upon this nation; and that you will teach the same to your children unto the third and fourth generation. All bow your heads and say yes.

(All having been seated, Elohim, or some one in authority, comes to the front of the platform and delivers what is known as the sermon before the veil. On Wednesdays, when there are a number of neophytes, the address is very long and tedious; the entire history of the Temple work is repeated, so that the candidates may have a clear understanding of what they have learned. The marks in the veil are also explained, with their significance and uses. Especially is it taught that Adam was not made out of the dust of this earth; that he was begotten as any other man is begotten, and that when he came here he brought Eve, one of his

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wives, with him. I have heard that the sermon was the one delivered by Brigham Young at the dedication of the St. George Temple. On Thursdays and Fridays, when there are comparatively few who are going through the Temple for the first time, the sermon before the veil is very much shortened, only the essential part which refers to the creation of Adam being read.)

INSTRUCTED AS TO PRAYER.

After the sermon, the candidates are instructed in the true order of prayer, as many couples as possible surrounding the altar, the elder who is to pray standing behind it. The signs of the holy priesthood are then given, the last one being the uplifted hands, and the words "Pale, Ale, Ale," repeated three times, in imitation of Adam's prayer. All stop with the patriarchal grip, the left elbow of one person resting upon the right shoulder of the next one. In this way the circle is made complete.

The elder now kneels by the altar, his right arm raised to the square, his left hand extending, palm up, "as though to receive a blessing."

A form of prayer is then offered, which serves as a type for similar prayers in every prayer circle of the Mormon priesthood.

PASSING THROUGH THE VEIL.

The candidates resume their seats and the process of passing through the veil begins.

In the veil are to be seen the square and compass; also other openings which represent the slits in the knees of every garment, which are said to indicate that the time will come when every knee shall bow and

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every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ. There are also openings for the hands, which are called openings of convenience.

Three or four candidates come from behind the veil—men to act for men and women for women. The name of the candidate is called. He rises from his seat in the audience, accompanied by the woman or women whom he has brought with him, mounts the platform, and takes his seat until the attendants are ready for his turn. In going up the three steps of the platform the man must always precede. I once saw a young man step courteously aside to let his intended bride precede him, when the attendant pushed her back and told him that if she preceded him there she would precede him in eternity.

VEIL IS PARTED.

All being ready, the attendant gives three gavel raps upon one of the pillars from which the veil is suspended. The veil is parted slightly and Elohim from behind the veil asks what is wanted. The attendant replies: "The man Adam, having been true and faithful in all things, desires to converse with the Lord behind the veil." The attendant prompts the candidate in his answers and grips, sometimes rehearsing the whole matter before Elohim takes the neophyte in hand.

The neophyte gives the two grips of the Aaronic priesthood, with their accompanying name, also the first grip and name of the Melchisedec priesthood. He then gives the second grip of the Melchisedec priesthood.

Elohim—What is this?

Neophyte—The second Grip of the Melchisedec priesthood. Patriarchal Grip, or Sure Sign of the Nail.

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Elohim—Has it a name?

Neophyte—It has.

Elohim—Will you give it to me?

Neophyte—I cannot, for I have not yet received it; for this purpose I have come to converse with the Lord behind the veil.

Elohim—You shall receive it upon the five points of fellowship through the veil. These are: foot to foot, knee to knee, breast to breast, hand to back, and mouth to ear.

WHISPERS TO CANDIDATE.

Having placed the candidate in proper position, he whispers:

“Health in the navel, marrow in the bones, strength in the loins and sinews, and power in the priesthood be upon me and my posterity through all generations of time and throughout eternity.”

The neophyte repeats this until he has it perfectly, and then stands back, while the attendant raps once more three times upon the pillar.

Elohim—What is wanted?

Attendant—Adam, having conversed with the Lord through the veil, now desires to be admitted to His presence.

Elohim—Admit him.

As he says this, Elohim extends his hand and gives the novitiate a warm welcome.

The man now assumes the part of Elohim and instructs his women, even as he has been instructed himself, admitting them behind the veil when they are prepared.

HANDSOMEST ROOM IN THE TEMPLE.

The room which is now entered is one of the most

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beautiful in the Temple; it has rich carpets, elegant fittings and upholstery, and opening from it are the Sealing-rooms—small, and furnished in gold and white.

In the main room is a table at which sits the recorder, having before him the records of those who have just been through the Temple, and also the licenses of those who have taken out the document which is required by the laws of the State before a marriage ceremony can be performed.

The man and the woman who are to be married then pass into the Sealing-room, with such invited guests as they may desire to have with them. They are dressed in the Temple robes complete.

IN SEALING-ROOM.

In the middle of the Sealing-room is an altar of white, having on it a white velvet cushion, and on each side of it are kneeling-stools. Sitting opposite one end of the table is the man who performs the sealing ceremony, usually the president or acting president of the Temple. On each side of him is a witness. These three men are clothed in white suits, the same that they have been wearing through the Temple ceremonies. The candidates now kneel, one on each side of the altar, and clasp their hands in the Patriarchal Grip. The presiding elder asks them if they take each other for man and wife, for time and eternity, and, having received a satisfactory answer, unites and blesses them for time and eternity, promising a numerous posterity and all the blessings in the celestial kingdom that reasonable people could desire.

This being finished, they are told to kiss each other across the altar. They then unclasp hands, and the

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ceremony is completed. They return to their dressing-rooms, put on the clothing that they wore to the Temple, and the day's work is over.

Professor Wolfe has just told of the ritual, the oath, and the ceremonies in the Mormon Temple. It was a most interesting story. It confirms in remarkable degree an exposé of the ceremonies in the Endowment House of many years ago, as printed by *The Tribune*, and also President Smith's testimony that there had been no change in the proceedings. The old Endowment House exposé is as follows :

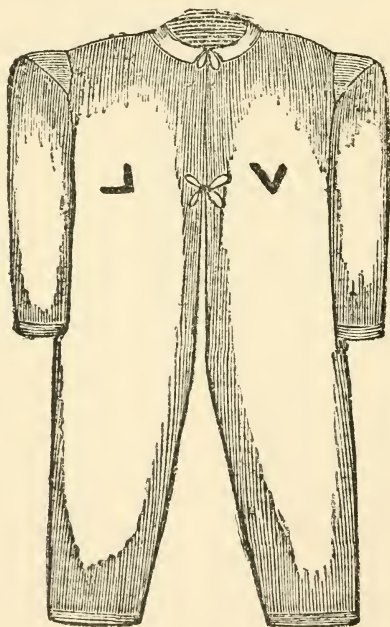
The Mormon Endowment House is a plain adobe building, two stories high, built like a small dwelling-house, so as not to attract attention. There are blinds to all the windows, which are nearly always kept down. It is situated in the northwest corner of the Temple block (which includes the Tabernacle, New Temple, etc.), and the whole block is surrounded by a very high wall.

On a certain day, not necessary to mention, I went to the Endowment House at eight o'clock in the morning, taking with me my endowment clothes (consisting of garments, robe, cap, apron, and moccasins). I believe people used to take their own oil, but that is now discontinued, as fees are charged. I went into a small room attached to the main building (designated in the plan by the name of Reception-room), which was crowded with men and women, having their bundles of clothing. The entrance door is on the east side, and in the southwest corner there is another, next to which

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the desk stood, where the clerk recorded the names, etc. Around the north and west sides were benches for the people to sit.

On going up to the desk I presented my recommend from the bishop in whose ward I was staying, and George Reynolds, who was then acting as clerk, asked me my name, those of my parents, when and where I was born, and when I was baptized into the Mormon Church.



GARMENT.

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That over, he told me to leave my hat, cloak, and shoes in that room; and, taking up my bundle, I went into the room marked 3 on the plan, where I sat waiting my turn till it came my turn to be washed.

One of the women, an officiating high priestess, told me to come behind the curtain (which I have indicated by a waving line), where I could hear a great deal of splashing and subdued conversation. I went, and after I was undressed I had to step into a long bath, about half-full of water, when another woman proceeded to wash me. I objected strongly to this part of the business, but she told me to show a more humble spirit. However, when she got down to my feet she let me go, and I was turned over to the woman who had spoken to me first, and whose name was Bathsheba Smith (one of the widows of Apostle George A. Smith). She wore a large, shiny apron, and her sleeves tucked up above her elbows. She looked thoroughly like business.

Another woman was standing beside her with a large wooden spoon and some green olive oil in a cow's horn. This woman poured the oil out of the spoon into Bathsheba's hand, who immediately put it on my head, ears, eyes, mouth, and every part of my body, and as she greased me, she muttered a kind of prayer over each member of my body: My head, that I might have a knowledge of the truths of God; my eyes, that I might see the glories of the kingdom; my mouth, that I might at all times speak the truth; my arms, that they might be strong in defense of the gospel; my bosom—and here I must ask my readers not to think I want to tell this part of the story, but I do want people to know the truth, and how disgusting and indelicate this thing is. Mormon people deny many of these things,

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and civilized and decent people can scarcely realize that this institution is as infamous as it really is, but I solemnly assert that these things do exist. To continue: My bosom, that I might nourish the children whom I might raise by my husband (I was not then married, but expected to be), and another part of my body that I might raise up a goodly seed, that they might be pillars of strength to the upbuilding and strengthening of God's kingdom upon the earth. And so she got down to my feet, when she hoped they might be swift in the paths of righteousness and truth.

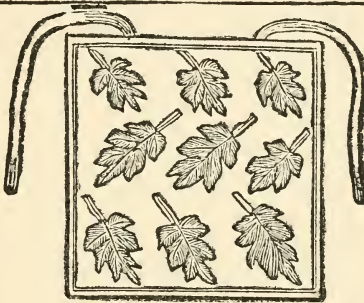
She then turned me over to the woman who had washed me, and who whispered

MY NEW AND CELESTIAL NAME

in my ear. I believe I am to be called up in the morning of the resurrection by it. It was "Sarah." I felt disappointed. I thought I should have received a more distinguished name. She told me that new name must never be spoken, but often thought of to keep away evil spirits. I should be required to speak it once that day, but she would tell me in what part of the ceremony, and that I should never again have to speak it. She then told me to put on my garments. These are made in one piece. On the right breast is a square, on the left a compass, in the center a small hole, and on the knee a large hole, which is called the "stone." We were told that as long as we kept them on no harm could befall us, and that when we changed them we were not to take them all off at once, but slip out a limb at a time and immediately dive into the clean ones. The neck was never to be cut low, or the sleeves short, as that would be patterning after the fashion of the Gentiles.

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After this I put on my clothes, and, in my stocking feet, waited with those who were washed and anointed until she had finished the remaining two or three. This done, the little calico curtains (marked A and B) were drawn aside, and the men and women stood revealed to each other. The men looked very uncomfortable and not at all picturesque. They only had their garments and shirts on, and they really did seem as though they were ashamed of themselves, as well they might be.



APRON.
(Worn by Men and Women.)

Joseph F. Smith then came to where we were all waiting, and told us that if we wanted to “back out, now was our time,” because we should not be able afterward, and that we were bound to go right through. All those who wanted to go through were to hold up their hands, which, of course, every one did, believing that all the good and holy things that were to be seen and heard in the “House of the Lord” were yet to come. He then told us that if any of us attempted to reveal what we saw and heard in the “House” our memories would be blighted, and we should

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BE EVERLASTINGLY DAMNED,

for they were things too holy to be spoken of between each other, after we had once left the Endowment House. We were then told to be very quiet and listen. Joseph F. Smith then went away.

In a few moments we heard voices talking loudly so that the people could hear them in the adjoining room. (I afterward found out in passing through that it was the prayer circle room.) It was supposed to be a conversation between Elohim (Head God) and Jehovah. The conversation was as follows:

Elohim to Jehovah—"Well, Jehovah, I think we will create an earth; let Michael go down and collect all the elements together and found one."

Answer—"Very well, O Lord God, it shall be done."

Then, calling to another man, we could hear him say:

"Michael, go down and collect all the elements together and form an earth, and then report to us what you have done."

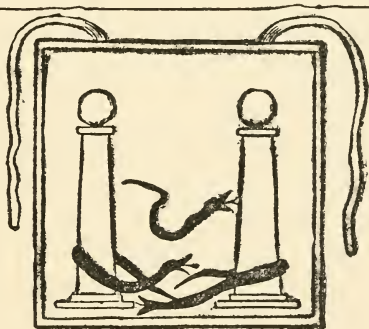
Answer—"Very well, O Lord God."

The man they called Michael then left the prayer circle room and came through the room they called the World, into the Garden of Eden, the door of which was shut that faced the places C and D, where we were standing, listening and waiting. He remained there a second or two, and everything was quiet. At the end of that time we heard him going back the same way, to where Elohim and Jehovah were waiting. When he got back he said: "I have collected all the elements together and founded an earth; what wouldst thou have me do next?" Using the same formula every time they sent him down to the world, they then told

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him to separate the land from the water, light from darkness, etc., and so they went regularly through the creation, but they always told him to come up and report what he had done.

When the creation was supposed to be finished, Michael went back and told them it was very fair and beautiful to look upon. Elohim then said to Jehovah that he thought they had better go down and have a look at it, which they did, and agreed with Michael that it was a beautiful place; that it seemed a pity that it should be of no particular use, but thought it would be a good idea to create man to live in it and cultivate these things.



DEVIL'S APRON.

They then came out of the Garden of Eden (which was supposed to have been newly finished) and, shutting the door after them, came to where we were standing. We were then told to shut our eyes, and Jehovah said to Michael: "Give me a handful of dust and I will create man." We were then told to open our eyes, and we saw a man that he had taken from the crowd,

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standing beside Jehovah, and to whom Jehovah said: "I shall call thee Adam, for thou shalt be called the father of all mankind." Jehovah then said it was not good for man to be alone, so he would create a woman and a helpmate for him. We were again told to close our eyes, and Adam was requested to go to sleep, which he obligingly did. Jehovah was then supposed to take a rib from Adam's side and form Eve. We were then told to open our eyes and look upon the handiwork of the Lord. When we did, we saw a woman taken from among the crowd who was standing by Adam's side. Jehovah said he would call the woman Eve, because she would be the mother of all mankind.

THE DOOR OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN

was then opened and all marched in with our bundles (the men going first, as they always take precedence), and we ranged ourselves round the room on benches. The four sides of this room are painted in imitation of trees, flowers, birds, wild beasts, etc. (The artist who painted the room was evidently more acquainted with whitewashing than painting.) The ceiling was painted blue, dotted over with golden stars; in the center of it was the sun, a little further along the moon, and all around were the stars. In each corner was a Masonic emblem. In one corner is a compass, in another the square; the remaining two were the level and the plumb. On the east side of the room, next the door, was a painted apple-tree, and in the northern part of the room was a small wooden altar.

After we had seated ourselves, Jehovah told Adam and Eve that they could eat of every tree in the garden except of this particular apple-tree, for on the day that they ate of that they should surely die.

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He then took his departure, and immediately after in came a very lively gentleman, dressed in a plain black morning-suit, with a little apron on, a most fiendish expression on his face, and joyfully rubbing his hands. This gentleman was supposed to be "the Devil." Certainly his appearance made the supposition quite easy (by the by, I have since seen that same gentleman administering the Sacrament in the Tabernacle on Sundays). He went up to Eve and remarked that it was a beautiful place, and that the fruit was so nice, would she like to taste one of those apples. She demurred a little, and said she was told not to, and therefore mustn't. But he pretended to pluck one of the painted apples and gave it to her, and she pretended to eat it. He then told her to ask Adam to have some, and she did. Adam objected strongly to testing, knowing the penalty, but Eve eventually overcame his scruples, saying: "Oh, my dear, they're so nice, you haven't any idea, and that nice old gentleman here (pointing to the Devil) says that he can recommend them, and you need not be afraid of what Jehovah says."

Adam consented, and immediately after he said, "Oh, what have I done, and how foolish I was to listen to you." He then said he could see himself, and that they had no clothes on, and that they must sew some fig-leaves together. Every one then made a dive for his apron out of the little bundle. The apron is a square half-yard of green silk with nine fig-leaves worked on it in brown sewing-silk. A voice was then heard calling for Adam, who pretended to hide, when in came Jehovah. He gave Adam a good scolding, but finally told him that he would give him certain instructions, whereby he would have a chance to regain

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the presence of his Father and God after he was driven out into the world. These instructions consisted of grips, etc., and the garments he wore would protect him from all evil. (Mormons say of these garments that the pattern was revealed direct from Heaven to Joseph Smith, and are the same as were originally worn by Adam.)

They then put on their caps and moccasins, the women's caps being made of Swiss muslin; it is one yard square, rounded at one corner so as to fit the head, and there are strings on it which tie under the chin. The moccasins are made of linen or calico. The men's are made exactly like those of pastry cooks, with a bow on the right side. I should here mention, before I go further, that Bathsheba Smith and one of the priests enacted the parts of Adam and Eve, and so stood sponsors for the rest of us, who were individually supposed to be Adams and Eves.

They then proceeded to give us the first grip of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood, which consists in putting the thumb on the knuckle of the index finger, and clasping the hands round. We were then made to swear "To obey the laws of the Mormon Church and all they enjoin, in preference to those of the United States." The penalty for revealing this grip and oath, is that you will have your throat cut from ear to ear, and your tongue torn from your mouth, and the sign of the penalty is drawing the hand with the thumb pointing toward the throat sharply across and bringing the arm to the level of the square, and, with the hand upraised to Heaven, swearing to abide the same.

We were then driven out of this into the room called the World, where there were three men standing at a

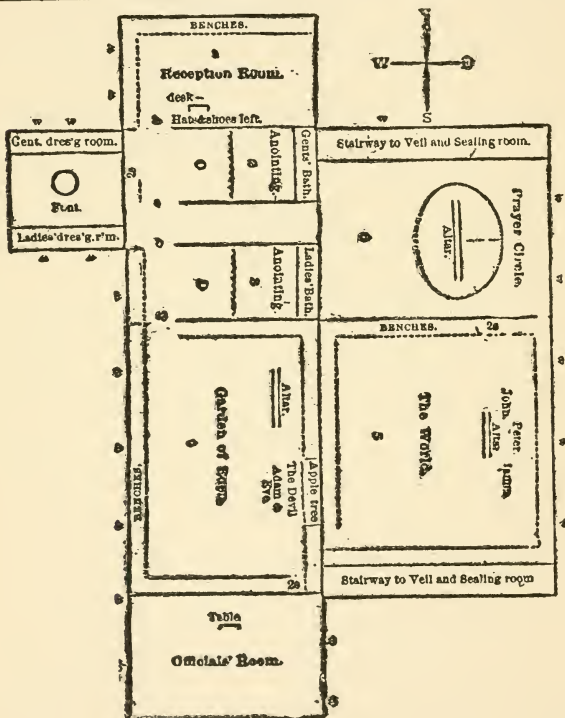
THE REVELATION IN THE MOUNTAIN.

small altar on the east side of the room, who were supposed to represent Peter, James, and John, Peter standing in the center. He was supposed to have the keys of heaven. Men representing (or trying to) the different religious sects then came in and presented their views and said they wanted to try and save these fallen children. In doing this they could not refrain from exaggerating and coarsely satirizing the different sects they represented. Previous to their coming in, however, Peter had presented to us the gospel of Christ—at least he told us that Christ had come to die for the original sin, but that we had got to work out our own salvation, and that in the last days a prophet should be raised up to save all those that would believe in his divine mission; consequently these different representatives were told that their doctrines did not suit the people and that there was something wanting in their faith and so they could go. Then the Devil came in and tried to allure the people, and, bustling up to the altar, Peter said to him: "Hello, Mr. Devil, how do you do to-day? It's a very fine day, isn't it? What have you come after?" The Devil replied that he didn't seem to take to any of those so-called Christian religions, why didn't they quit bothering about anything of that kind, and live a life of pleasure, etc.? However, he was told to go, and that quickly.

Peter then gave the second grip of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood, which consists of putting the thumb between the knuckles of the index and second fingers and clasping the hand around. The penalty for revealing this is to be sawn asunder, and our members cast into the sea. The sign of the penalty was drawing the hand sharply across the middle of the body. To

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receive that grip we had to put on our robes, which consisted of a long, straight piece of cloth reaching to our feet, doubled over and gathered very full on the shoulder and round the waist. There was also a long, narrow piece of cloth tied around the waist, called the "sash." It was placed on the right shoulder, to receive



GROUND FLOOR OF THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE.
Outer Wall Enclosing Endowment House.

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the grip, the people to wear their apron over it. The men then took the oath of chastity, and the women the same; they don't consider polygamy at all unchaste, but said that it was an Heaven-ordained law, and that a man to be exalted in the world to come must have more than one wife. The women then took the oath of obedience to their husbands, having to look up to them as their gods. It is not possible for a woman to go to Christ except through her husband.

Then a man came in and said that the Gospel (which during those few minutes' intervals had laid dormant for 1800 years) had been again restored to earth, and that an angel had revealed it to a young boy named Joseph Smith, and that all the gifts, blessings, and prophecies of old had been restored with it, and this last revelation was to be called the Latter-day Dispensation. The priests pretended joyfully to accept this, and said it was the very thing they were in search of, nothing else having had the power to satisfy them.

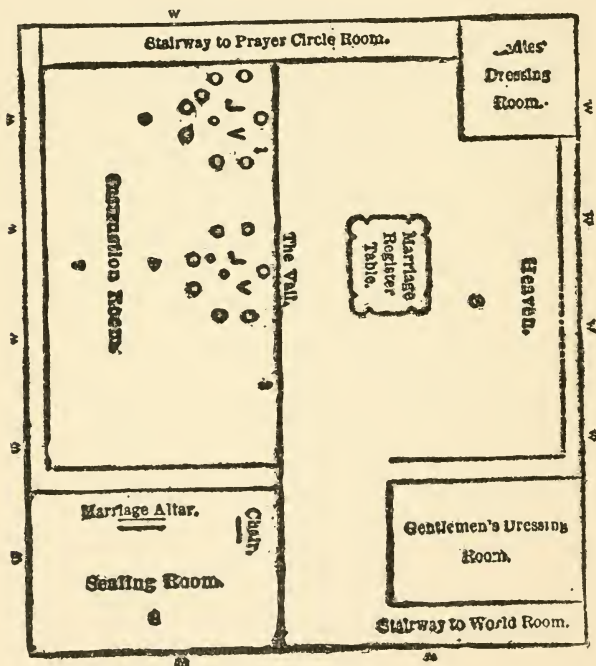
They then proceeded to give us the first grip of the Melchizedek or Higher Priesthood, which is said to be the same as Christ held. The thumb is placed on the knuckle of the index finger, which is placed straight along the palm of the hand, while the lower part of the hand is clasped with the remaining fingers. The robe for this grip was changed from the right to the left shoulder. We were then made to swear to avenge the death of Joseph Smith, the martyr, together with that of his brother, Hyrum, on this American nation, and that we would teach our children and children's children to do so. The penalty for this grip and oath was disembowelment.

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We were then marched into the northeast room (the men, of course, always going first) designated the prayer circle room. We were then made to take an oath of

OBEDIENCE TO THE MORMON PRIESTHOOD.

And now the highest or grandest grip of the Melchizedek priesthood was given. We clasped each other



UPPER FLOOR OF THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE.
W—Windows—Steps.

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round the hand with the point of the index finger resting on the wrist, and little fingers firmly linked together. The place on the wrist where the index finger points is supposed to be the place where Christ was nailed to the cross, but they tore out and He had to be nailed again; and so you place your second finger beside the index on the wrist; it is called the

SURE SIGN OF THE NAIL.

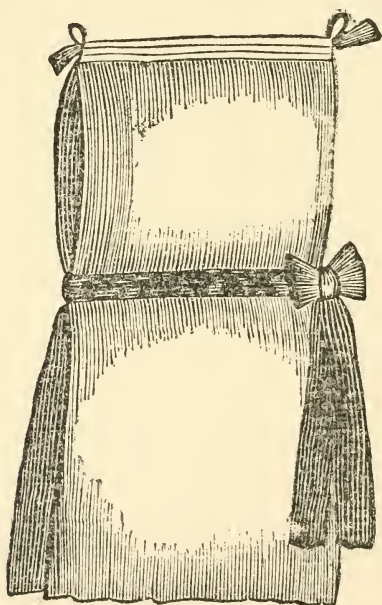
And if the grip is properly given, it is very hard to pull apart. The robe was changed from the left to the right shoulder to receive this grip.

The men then formed a circle round the altar, linking their arms straight across, and placed their hands on one another's shoulders. The priest knelt at the altar and took hold of one of the men's hands and prayed. He told us that the electric current of prayer passed through the circle and that was the most efficacious kind of prayer. The women stood outside the circle with their veils covering their faces, the only time during the ceremony that they did so.

The prayer over, they all trooped up the staircase on the north side of the house, into the room called the Instruction Room, where the people sat down on benches on the west side of the room. Facing them about midway between floor and ceiling was a wooden beam that went across the room from north to south, and from which was suspended a dirty-looking piece of what was once white calico. This was called "the Veil," and is supposed to be in imitation of the one in Solomon's Temple. On this veil are marks like those on the garments, together with extra holes for putting the arms through. But before going through

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the veil, we received a general outline of the instructions we had received down-stairs. This over, the priest took a man to the veil to one of the openings (marked 1), where he knocked with a small wooden mallet that hung on the wooden support. A voice on the other side of the veil (it was supposed to be Peter's) asked who was there, when the priest, answering for the man, said: "Adam, having been faithful, desires to enter." The priest then led the man up to the west side of the veil, where he had to put his hands



THE ROBE.

THE REVELATION IN THE MOUNTAIN.

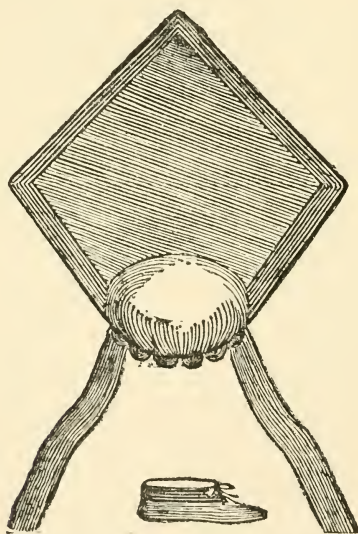
through and clasp the man, or Peter (to whom he whispered his new name, and the only one he ever tells, for they must never tell their celestial names to their wives, although the wives must tell theirs to their husbands) through the holes in the veil. He was then allowed to go through to the other side, which was supposed to be heaven, and this is where a strong imagination must be of some use, for anything more unlike heaven I can't conceive. The man having got through, he went to the opening (No. 2) and told the gatekeeper to call for the woman he was about to marry, telling him her name. She then stepped up to the veil where the marks "B" are. They couldn't see each other, but put their hands through the openings, one of their hands on each other's shoulder and the other around the waist. (The marks on the plan at the sides are for the arms, and all the marks in the plan on the veil are exactly as they are in the Endowment House. The top round mark is the place where they spoke through, and the square, compass, and stone correspond with the marks on the garments; the two bottom marks were where the feet are put through), with the arms so fixed; the knees were placed within each other, the feet, of course, being the same; the woman's given name was then whispered through the veil, then her new and celestial name, then the priestess who stood by to instruct the women told them to repeat after her a most disgusting formula or oath. I cannot remember it thoroughly, but what I do, consists of "the heart and the liver, the belly and the thighs, the marrow and the bones." The last and highest grip of the Melchizedek priesthood was then given through the veil.

They then released their hold of each other, and the

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priestess, taking the woman to opening No. 2, knocked the same as they did at the men's entrance, and the gatekeeper having asked, "Who is there?" and the priestess, having replied, "Eve, having been faithful in all things, desires to enter," Eve was accordingly ushered into heaven.

Before I go further I must tell how they believe the entrance into heaven is to be gained on the morning of the resurrection. Peter will call up the men and women (for it is not possible for a woman to be resurrected or exalted, or to be made a queen in heaven, unless some man takes pity on her and raises her). If



WOMAN'S CAP AND MOCCASIN.

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the marks on the garments are found to correspond with those on the veil (the dead are buried in the whole paraphernalia), if you can give the grips and tokens, and your new name, and you are dressed properly in your robes, why, then, one has a sure permit to heaven, and will pass by the angels (who, they suppose, are to be only ministering servants) to a more exalted glory; the more wives they have, they think, the higher their glory will be.

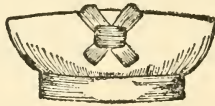
To resume: After we got through, we saw Joseph F. Smith sitting at a table recording the names of those who were candidates for marriage. He wrote the names in a book (the existence of which marriage register this truthful apostle has since denied, so that a polygamous marriage might not be found out) and then he wrote the two names on a slip of paper, to be taken into the sealing-room to the officiating priest, so that he might know whom he was marrying. After having given this slip of paper to the priest (Daniel H. Wells), we knelt at a little wooden altar (they are all alike in the Endowment House). He then asks the man if he is willing to take the woman to wife, and the woman if she is willing to take him for a husband. They both having answered yes, he tells the man that he must look to God, but the woman must look to her husband as her God, for if he lives his religion, the spirit of God will be in him, and she must therefore yield him unquestioning obedience, for he is as a god unto her, and then concludes that he, having authority from on high, to bind and loose here upon earth, and whatsoever he binds here shall be bound in heaven, seals the man and woman

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FOR TIME AND ALL ETERNITY.

He then tells the man and woman to kiss each other across the altar, the man kneeling on the north side and the woman on the south, and so it is finished. Sometimes they have witnesses, sometimes not; if they think any trouble may arise from a marriage or that the woman is inclined to be a little perverse, they have no witnesses, neither do they give marriage certificates, and if occasion requires it, and it is to shield any of their polygamous brethren from being found out, they will positively swear that they did not perform any marriage at all, so that the women in this church have but a very poor outlook for being considered honorable wives.

When the marriage ceremony was over we came out of the "sealing-room," and I crossed "Heaven" into the ladies' dressing-room, where, after having dressed and my husband paid the fees, we took our departure, together with that of the "Holy Spirit."



MAN'S CAP.

I hope that this article may prove of some use in warning and enlightening people as to THAT MOST HORRID BLASPHEMY, jargon, and mummery that goes on in that most sacred "House of the Lord."

MRS. G. S. R——.

THE END.









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